



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 17 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAR. 11, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$5. Whole No. 589

## Things in General.

**A**T a meeting of the ministers and trustees of the Toronto Methodist churches held on Monday night in the Metropolitan church Sunday school room, the bill before the Legislature containing clauses for the abolition of tax exemptions of churches was discussed by a fairly representative gathering. Reporters were not admitted, but I have learned that the following resolution was proposed by Dr. E. J. Barrick, seconded by T. G. Mason, and the portion of it in italics was carried, the other sections being withdrawn:

*THAT WHEREAS a Bill is now before the Ontario Legislature containing clauses for the abolition of tax exemptions now enjoyed by the various churches and educational institutions of this Province.*

*AND WHEREAS the trustees of the said churches, acting in good faith under the existing law, without hope of personal financial gain, but for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ, both from the pulpit, the Sabbath school, and the various services connected therewith, and generally for the upbuilding of manhood and good citizenship, did acquire various properties, and erect churches, and there-with did assume personal liabilities and obligations.*

*AND WHEREAS, according to the following figures it appears that the abolition of all exemptions in municipal taxation would be more favorable than otherwise to the trustees, members and supporters of the churches, and lead to a more equitable distribution of the burden of taxation. In 1896 the total assessment on real estate was in round numbers:*

|                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Personality and Income..... | \$129,000,000 |
| Real estate.....            | \$140,000,000 |
| Making a total of.....      | \$269,000,000 |

17 mills would produce..... \$ 2,380,000  
In Boston in 1892 under a more equitable assessment law the assessment on real estate in round numbers was \$600,000,000

Personality..... 200,000,000  
That is, personality was assessed at one-third of the realty. This rule of three to one of real to personal assessment prevails generally in the American cities. Applying the Boston ratio to this city it works out as follows:

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Real estate in 1896.....                | \$129,000,000 |
| Personality and Income (one-third)..... | 43,000,000    |
| Exemption on real estate.....           | 22,000,000    |

Giving a total of..... \$194,000,000  
12-13 mills will produce..... 2,400,000  
or \$12,000 more than 17 mills on \$140,000,000, a reduction of 4-23 mills, or a saving of \$44.66 on every \$1,000 of assessment now paying 17 mills.

The total exemption on churches in this city is in round numbers \$5,000,000; that is, about 1-30th of the \$194,000,000, and 1-30th of \$12-33 is about 32 cents, which would be the share of church tax on every one thousand dollars of assessment, which means that each church supporter for every \$1,000 assessed upon his home or his business could pay his share of the church tax, 32 cents, and have \$1.31 for other purposes.

*BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, that in the opinion of the meeting of the trustees and ministers of the Methodist Churches of this City, it is manifestly unfair and unjust to said trustees, members and supporters of the various churches to have removed exemptions that they now enjoy, and to that extent have their personal obligations and burdens increased, while at the same time the exemptions covered by the remaining twenty-seven clauses of the Act, many of which apply to purely money-making concerns, are practically untouched.*

*AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that in order to set at rest once and for all the continuous vexatious changes proposed from time to time in connection with municipal tax exemptions, which make investments unsettled and insecure, this representative meeting is not opposed to, but is prepared to support a Bill for the gradual abolition of all exemptions on municipal taxation, so soon as such abolition is endorsed by a substantial majority of the municipal electors of this Province, and hereby demands that a Plebiscite on the question be taken at the next municipal election in January, 1900; and request that all legislation touching municipal tax exemptions be held in abeyance until such plebiscite be taken, and that a deputation be appointed to wait upon the Government and press the claims of this resolution, and that all religious bodies and denominations be invited to co-operate with us, who are in sympathy with the views here set forth.*

A committee was appointed to place the views of the meeting before the Legislature. The Toronto Ministerial Association met on the same date and decided to leave the matter in the hands of each denomination, so we now have the question before us in an abstract form, which permits of the whole matter being discussed from a church point of view.

In the first place, the Methodist brethren practically admit that the system of taxation is wrong.

Secondly: That the trustees of churches went into their present contracts without any protest against the wrong features of the law, but would be handicapped in the fulfilment of their obligations were the wrong removed.

Thirdly: That there are twenty-seven other clauses in the new Act which practically permit twenty-seven other wrongs outside of church exemptions.

Fourthly: They are unwilling to consent to a law gradually wiping out these exemptions while at the same time secular institutions enjoy what they conceive to be immunities similar to those which they are asked to abandon.

Taken altogether it appears that the Methodist church, and we may presume all the other churches, base their claim for exemption on the idea that "without hope of personal financial gain, but for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ, both from the pulpit, the Sabbath school, and the various services connected therewith, and generally for the upbuilding of manhood and good citizenship," they have erected and are maintaining edifices which are exempt from taxation. Thus it is that a state is built within a state. These self-sacrificing citizens claim to be doing what the state does not do, yet they claim that they should receive state aid for this purpose and should be considered superior to the state to the extent that they are not to be taxed.

Let us presume that every one of the twenty-seven clauses against which complaint is made is a wrong to the general public. Do the twenty-seven wrongs make the twenty-eighth exemption right? We are not dealing and cannot deal with the purposes of either the twenty-seven or the twenty-eighth exemption.

One thing that stands boldly out is that all exemptions are wrong.

It does not appear that the Methodist church denies the impropriety of exemptions; it simply asserts that while others are the beneficiaries of wrong-doing they shall also be permitted to receive the dirty coin accruing from an unjust law.

This is hardly in accordance with their claim that the church exists "for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ." Their resolution will have the effect, no matter what its purpose may be, of instructing the public that that church, and every church which claims exemption, is demanding and accepting a benefit to which it has no right. If anything could convince a doubtful citizen of the thorough materialism of religious organization it is to be found in the fact that, regardless of where the burden is to be felt, the "ministers and trustees" of a church must not be made to feel that they have had an ounce added to what they now carry.

Carry this principle into general operation and where do we find ourselves? If we are oppressing a debtor we look to the law to obtain that which we unjustly demand.

If we are doing wrong we quote the fact that twenty-seven others are also doing wrong, and insist on pursuing our evil course.

If we assume a burden or a mortgage under wrong auspices or protected by evil statutes, we are right in insisting that these evil conditions must continue until we are relieved from our burdens. This is a most improper conception of duty. If we insist that the devil shall reign until we get rid of the devil's impositions, then the devil will reign forever.

The whole business, as shown by the resolution offered and withdrawn and the one which carried, indicates that the Metho-

dist body is a commercial institution; that it is unwilling to lead the way to the abolition of unjust exemptions; that it is willing to be the beneficiary of improper legislation; that it intends to oppose just and proper legislation until every commercial body, every individual and everything else is properly taxed.

Then, ye gods and men, look at the result! The Christian church, after everything else has been reformed, will be willing to consent to be reformed itself. Instead of leading in the good work it proposes to be the tail end of the procession and to accept responsibilities which it can no longer avoid.

Is this the way that it and other churches go about Christianizing the world? Is it saying to the public, as it says to the Legislature, that it will do right when everybody else does right? If it were declaredly a commercial institution we could excuse it for taking this standpoint, for Mammon is always ready to excuse itself and others who follow the rule of the ungodly. But as it declares itself as too saintly to be oppressed by any legislation until every other oppression is removed, then it should be scourged for introducing its resolution with any cant about the institution being in existence "for the purpose of instructing the public in the knowledge of Christ." If we were to learn Christ from such examples—and too frequently we do get our ideals from similar sources—we would die without knowing what His mission meant or what His example was intended to teach us.

**T**HE milliners have been in the city looking after spring goods, and they always enliven the streets and chase dull care away with their pretty faces and tasteful gowns. I always wonder that milliners are such demure and business-like people. I hope I won't offend them by saying so, but at heart I

being properly clothed for the ambulance?

**I**T would be a benefit to the whole city if a ten thousand dollar electric lighting plant were placed in the new municipal buildings, and such electric energy as is not needed within the edifice itself sold to the large users of light in the neighborhood. Without doubt the city could obtain contracts from the responsible payers of large taxes to use all the light which can be spared. By this co-operative use of the plant the expense should be reduced to the city and the fact established that the present electric light monopoly is charging vastly more than its services are worth. It may be said that such consumers of electric power manufactured by the City Hall plant would be unduly favored. It may be that their expenses would be reduced, but the moment that this would be demonstrated to be true the city would be forced to establish an electric light plant of its own, or those who are at present abusing the privilege of their monopoly would be forced to reduce their prices.

It must be remembered that a part of the city's duty is to protect the citizens from extortionate charges. If our city government is powerless in this direction it should be reformed, for we have as much right to look to the city government for safeguards against monopolies as against burglars, footpads and those who destroy public peace. An excellent opportunity now offers itself to demonstrate that a ten thousand dollar electric lighting plant, though less economical than the immense plant possessed by the monopoly, can be operated, when worked to its full capacity, so as to provide illumination at a rate far below that now being charged the citizens. If the city will provide the plant, within twenty-four hours a syndicate of consumers of electric energy could be obtained who would operate it on the

are there, and he has to pay them. In nearly every phase of his business he finds he is within the clutches of someone who cares nothing whether he makes a profit or not, but has been given a franchise to make all that can be made out of him. Loads of freight come to his warehouse or leave his doors for the railways, and his cartage and the charges of the railroads must be reckoned with as a part of the cost. Though other cities and perhaps a few competitors in his own city may by trickery get the advantage of him, he cannot devote his working day to following out these details. The city, provincial and general governments are supposed to protect him. To a limited extent they do so, but when he is on the thinnest ice and requires the greatest amount of assistance, those paid for looking after the communal interests invariably turn their backs upon him and say they can do nothing.

When an opportunity of any kind offers itself, no matter how slight and unimportant it may seem to the unbusinesslike people in the City Council, no effort should be spared to cut down any fixed charge which embarrasses the merchant or manufacturer in competition with outsiders. This is equally true both in the home and the factory, the warehouse and the office, and as electric light is one of the necessities of the age the City Council should do its best to demonstrate just where we are at in this matter. If we can afford two million dollars for a City Hall which will directly bring money to nobody, we can afford ten thousand dollars for a civic electric lighting plant which if properly operated may demonstrate where many thousands of dollars may be saved. If this city is not run for the monopolies, the officials and the aldermen, then let us try an occasional experiment at making some of these franchise monopolists sit up.

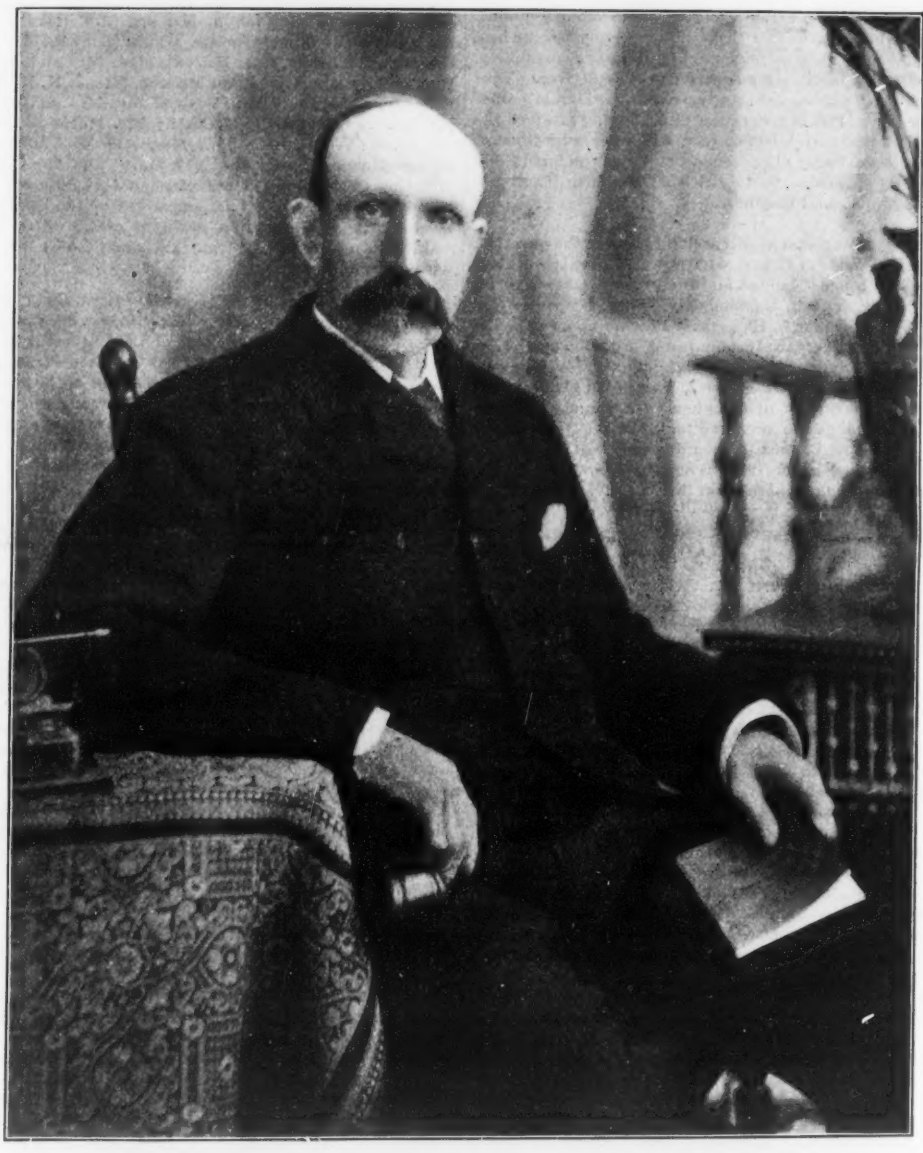
**T**HE Dominion Government has certainly acted wisely in refusing to commute the sentence of death passed upon Cordella Poirier and Sam Parslow for murdering Isidore Poirier, the husband who was obstructing the amours of the two convicted persons. The murder was a brutal thing and the condemned criminals, fortunately for the public peace, made no claim to be insane. As a matter of fact, there is an insanity which might have been urged in their case, that of a criminal amour. It looks strange to a fairly well regulated nature that either a man or a woman should wade through blood in the hope of finding an impossible happiness. Stranger still it is that the woman, not the man, is generally the one to suggest such terrible means of reaching a desired condition. We may look at our laws if we like and compare them with those outlined when mankind lived more naturally; we may wonder, if we like, whether the effort to restrain has not been productive of more evil than good; we may question the advisability of making it practically impossible for men and women to legitimately relieve themselves of matrimonial encumbrances, but certainly we cannot excuse the use of the knife, the revolver and the poisoned draught. Outside of the line of respectability, which is really the line of possible happiness, to an extent perhaps undeserved, there is a region where people may live in opposition to all conventions. Those who dare not venture into this region cannot be excused for using violent means for otherwise obtaining their end. To be hanged is of course exceedingly unpleasant, and the prospect of it and the disgrace of it are contemplated by those who are to suffer either directly or indirectly, with terror. Nevertheless, a government which is the initiative in law and is supposed to be the firm executive of the laws passed, should show no vacillation in cases where the crime is neither denied nor palliating circumstances are adduced.

There is a great prejudice against hanging women. The more the New Woman and the methods of the modern woman are recognized, the oftener the steely-eyed dame stares into the face of a man and makes it almost impossible for him to sit in a car without offering her a seat, the less the chivalric impulse rises in antagonism to treatment of the female criminal as if she were of the other sex. We all know that women are better than men; that well treated and protected from the debasing influences which so quickly degrade the sex which was once the money-maker for itself and the other, they are much gentler. Nevertheless, in business it is thoroughly well recognized that the woman is not as honest as the man, and that when she indulges in intrigue she is more daring and less scrupulous than her male partner. I am quite convinced that it is necessary that guilty women should be hanged as well as guilty men. Men may be the tempters in some instances, but it is rarely the case where a husband is slaughtered to make room for another. The husband may be guilty; he may be weak, vain, irritating, debauched, but it is seldom the case—the man who is killed is usually quite as good, judged by conventional rules, if not better than the successor chosen by his wife and made possible by murder. As SATURDAY NIGHT goes to press Sam Parslow and the woman who tempted him will have, according to the decision of the Government, paid the penalty of their crime. If life was worth nothing to them as they were, they can well afford to die. Like cowards as they were, each having confessed the guilt of the other, the world can esteem itself well rid of them, and the murdered man and the two that are hanged for his murder will in the great world of space and illimitable hereafter find a just judge for the reassortment of mismatched people.

**I**N addition to the burdens which Torontonians have hitherto borne with very little grumbling, the Ontario Government has hastened to add a large percentage of its new taxes. In placing these taxes, which bear heavily indeed on corporations having their headquarters in this city, the institutions which have been enumerated as digging the ground from beneath the feet of enterprise in this city have practically escaped. This is unjust. Toronto should have some chance to even up. The Government buildings, though benefited by all the protection which this city can give them, pay no taxes, and from the point of view of provincial taxation the institutions which have been given as much power to tax as is possessed by the City Council itself, get off scot free.

The Government, too, has shown extraordinary reluctance to permit the Niagara Falls to be used freely by those who have capital to invest, for the obtaining and transmission of electric power, and the Opposition, with regard to the alternate proposal, has been suspiciously silent. If competition were allowed, in fact, not in theory, amongst power companies at the Falls, Toronto would not go unbenefited; but with the hunker-sliding which has taken place in the past and which is going on now with regard to the old and new franchises at the cataract, Toronto can fairly settle itself in the opinion that again the corporations, and not the people, are being regarded by both the Government and the Opposition.

**T**HE building boom seems to have come back to Toronto, and though we may feel sure that it will never take the shape which was once found so ruinous, it is not impossible that many buildings unsuitable to the wants of the people may be erected. Toronto needs more than anything else a few places down-town where men and women without encumbrances in the shape of children—I speak of children as encumbrances only with regard to the lives of people in flats and hotels—can find lodging and suitable surroundings. Office buildings without end have sprung up, but nowhere has a building been provided for childless couples and unmarried people who desire to live near the center of activity at a reasonable rate and without discomfort. Many houses providing small flats and suites of apartments would pay in Toronto. Women who are without



MR. ROBERT G. REID OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Mr. Robert G. Reid of Newfoundland is said to be the largest private land-owner in the world, besides owning the railways, telegraphs, coal mines, dry docks and coastal service of the Island. He is building a railway that will mean a great deal to Newfoundland, and is having a fleet of eight new steamers built for him on the Clyde. He has introduced Pullman dining and sleeping cars on his railway. He began life a poor boy and now at the age of fifty-eight is many times a millionaire, and has practically retired, leaving his immense interests in the competent hands of his son, Mr. W. D. Reid of Montreal.

Imagine them a sort of textile bar-tenders who minister to the tastes and notions of their customers in a manner which is not unlike that of the mixer of drinks. Why should women spend so much on gay hats and expensive clothing? It is not necessary to their comfort, and does little or nothing for the civilization of the world. Why should not the Legislature tax these panderers to the gay instincts of womankind as they tax the institutions which cater for the dissipation of the masculine kind? It really seems unjust that the beauteous array which costs so much money should be a perfectly legitimate affair while cigars and that sort of thing are esteemed extravagances in the habits of men. We never hear fashionable preachers declaiming against milliners or denouncing the wearers of costly things which women put upon their hats and dainty persons. No fashionable preacher could survive a week who told the womenkind who listened to him that it was ungodly to wear these beautiful and expensive things, yet the time was when all preachers said these things to all women. Perhaps the fact that during those times the majority disregarded the clerical opinion, warned the preacher to keep himself away from dangerous ground. Yet we have a perfect right to ask why, when lines between good and evil are so closely drawn by many denominations, the milliners are not preached at and prayed over and legislated against. Make no mistake, I am not advocating any such measure, but still I cannot help asking, why not?

Of course if a crusade is ever started against expensiveness and extravagance in dress the women would not be the only sufferers. If we can imagine the world turning back to the time of the Quaker gown and poke hat we can see again the dull colors of male attire accentuated and tailors' bills lessened. But modern men are not as given to frivolities of this sort as women. Women wear laces and things which cost a great deal of money, and mankind cannot find a reason for the expenses, inasmuch as they are concealed from public view. One dare not ask the question but timorously, but why do women go to great expense to obtain garments which only they and the washerwoman are presumed to see? Are they always expecting accidents on the street car or railway, or something of that sort, and so insist upon

co-operative plan, lighting the City Hall and conveying the residue of power to adjacent properties. In this way the city, being allowed a reasonable percentage for the use of its plant, could light the municipal building very cheaply, and a practical demonstration of the feasibility of a larger plant for lighting the city streets and selling power to consumers, be established.

Why does not the City Council do something to save us from the reputation of being at the mercy of one of the many monopolies against which we can now make no effectual protest? At present the taxpayers of Toronto find themselves face to face with the following fixed charges: Taxes (local and general), water rates, insurance rates, telephone and telegraph rates, gas rates, electric light charges, etc. No matter how big the bill may be in any one of these departments, the City Council professes inability to make a change for the better. To make this city attractive to business people the aldermen should see to it that in none of these details, which enter so largely into every extensive enterprise, is an excessive rate permitted to pass until all the resources of the Council are exhausted. If aldermen were aware how much futile rage is stirred up amongst the most energetic business men by the continual dropping down upon them of official documents which state that they must pay so much for taxes, so much for water, so much for insurance, so much for gas, so much for electric light, so much for their telephone service, and so much for freights, and a half a dozen other things for which individuals or corporations are permitted to make charges which cannot be contested, they would understand that the people of this city are already beginning to feel that trusts and monopolies are as free to tax the individual as the corporation itself.

A man going to his office in the morning must pay a fixed fare on the street car, no matter whether he gets a seat or not, and perhaps a half a dozen Unions of various kinds will be waiting for him to dictate the price he shall pay to his employees. He may groan, but he has to bear it. His tax paper comes, and he may groan again, but he has to pay it. His water rate looms up, and another groan will not lessen its amount. The gas bill, the electric light bill, the telephone bill



protectors and men who are anxious to have a room to which they can go and always find comfortable, are really unprovided for in this growing city. Where can one go and get a bedroom and a little bath attached without paying hotel prices? Where can a family of two or three find rooms warmed, lighted and cared for without paying the price of a whole house? Where can the married or unmarried woman find herself secure from intrusion and yet obtain the modern necessities, including meals at a restaurant when wanted?

It is quite true one may go to a boarding-house or one may take furnished rooms or have unfurnished rooms, but inconveniences equal to housekeeping are at once suggested. A large apartment house down-town or up-town would find an immense number of people offering themselves as tenants. The heating, lighting, care-taking all being done, the occupant of an apartment would find himself or herself comfortable on returning from work. An adjacent restaurant or one in the building, or a service in the apartments, would do away with the necessity of going out and scurrying about for meals.

In San Francisco the majority of the people live in such apartments, and restaurants can be found which will provide an excellent dinner, patronized by well-behaved and well educated people, the price of which runs from fifteen to thirty-five cents for a four to seven course dinner, including a small bottle of native wine, a pint bottle of lager, or a cup of tea or coffee. A number of buildings which are being vacated by commercial tenants down-town could without great expense be refitted as apartment houses. Those using apartments and those desiring to use comfortable rooms of the sort mentioned are much more numerous than landlords imagine. There are many people who go from boarding-house to boarding-house because they get tired of the food provided. Unless they cook for themselves in their own rooms there is no escape from boarding-house conditions. It is a great expense to move every now and then from one boarding-house to another, and while the rooms may be pleasant it is almost impossible to live up-town in furnished apartments, as there are no restaurants to supply the demands of changeable tastes. It seems to me that down-town is the place for the apartment houses, for good restaurants can be found and others will develop as lodgers who go out to their meals become more numerous.

Even the English system of apartments finds no counterpart in Canada, though it is very comfortable to have a nice room and be able to order or personally purchase the supplies and have them cooked and served in one's room. Those who begin this sort of thing in Toronto may for a few months find a little difficulty, but in the end the business will be a profitable one.

As a sample of how much money the fire insurance companies are making out of the immense rates they charge, I give below a few figures from the report of the twenty-eighth ordinary general meeting of the Queen City Fire Insurance Company of last month. They only had 3,157 policies in force at the end of the year, yet they made, exclusive of liberal salaries for directors, etc., \$15,820 on a paid-up capital of \$50,000 out of a subscribed capital of \$100,000. Their profit and loss account up to December 31, 1898, proves that this was not an exceptional year, for following is their statement as advertised:

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1898.

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| To Balance carried over (less Bonus Dividend, etc.) from 1897..... | \$55,737 62 |
| " Revenue Account, 1898.....                                       | 15,820 32   |
|  | \$71,557 94 |

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| By Dividend No. 29 to shareholders 25 per cent. on original paid-up capital..... | \$ 2,500 00 |
| " Amount written off Building.....   | 4,050 70    |
| " Re Insurance Reserve, Government Standard 50 per cent.....                     | \$21,430 74 |
| " Excess over all liabilities, including Rest or Reserve Fund (\$75,000).....    | 43,576 50   |
|  | \$71,557 94 |

#### BALANCE SHEET, 31ST DECEMBER, 1898.

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| LIABILITIES.  |              |
| To Capital Stock (50 per cent. paid up).....            | \$100,000 00 |
| " Rest or Reserve Fund.....                             | \$75,000 00  |
| " Profit and Loss (including Re-Insurance Reserve)..... | 65,007 24    |
|   | \$240,007 24 |

|                                      |             |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| ASSETS.                              |             |
| By Capital Stock liable to call..... | \$50,000 00 |

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| " Real Estate—Company's Building.....   | \$64,000 00  |
| " Real Estate—169 Elizabeth street.....   | 1,871 98     |
| " First Mortgages on Real Estate.....   | 45,655 00    |
| " Debenture Freehold L. and S. Co.....  | 10,000 00    |
| " Stocks—Bell Telephone Co.....   | 8,785 00     |
| " Loans on Stocks.....  |              |
| " Toronto El. Light Co.; Dominion Bk.; Dominion Tele. Co.; Canadian Bank of Commerce; C. P. R. Co.; Building and Loan Assoc.; Western Assurance Co..... | 49,131 79    |
| " Accrued Interest and Rents.....   | 728 98       |
| " Cash on Deposit Dominion Bank.....  | 124 26       |
| " Cash on Deposit Imperial Trusts Co.....   | 7,715 80     |
| " Debtors and Creditors' Balance.....   | 1,994 43     |
|   | \$240,007 24 |

This company is assessed for land and building \$24,450, and income \$5,000, showing that those who make the most money, and even in their annual statement admit that after deducting everything that is conceivable they have made \$15,820, find it easier to escape proper taxation than the man who with difficulty makes both ends meet.



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

#### What Is The Matter With British Columbia?

While the rest of Canada is putting in its spare time discussing the great Canadian problem, British Columbia is solving it. It is the country of hope and the land of destiny. It has produced about one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars' worth of minerals, chiefly gold and coal, and there is enough more stored in its limitless mountain ranges to furnish the world with the sinews of war for the next hundred and twenty-five millions of years. This vast wealth has gone to enrich Englishmen and Yankees—chiefly Yankees. Canadians have secured a little of it, but only a little. It depends entirely on themselves how much they secure in the future. Certain it is that the money-bags of Canada are in British Columbia, and if Canada is ever to rise to the dignity of nationhood and realize to the full the aspirations of those who love her best, it will be through the millions and billions and trillions of dollars which this Pacific province is ready and willing to yield to those who have the courage and the enterprise to tear them from their hiding-places in her peaked and jagged breasts. You seldom hear a British Columbia merchant complaining of hard times; you seldom see a man out of work, and you never meet a British Columbian who is not prepared to take a thousand oaths that this is God's country and the only place on earth fit for a white man to live in. You bemoan the lack of Canadian sentiment in the East. You would have to hire an army to keep down British Columbian sentiment in British Columbia. It is the pot of gold that does it. We may not all of us have the pot, but it is always at the

other end of the rainbow and there is no reason that it should not be the portion of every man, seeing that it hangs there for those who have the wit and energy to grasp it. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and there is no corner of Canada that stirs the springs of hope so profoundly as British Columbia. One paying gold mine can do more towards cultivating a firm and active belief in the possibilities of one's own country than all the after-dinner speeches and gracefully written editorial articles between here and the sheer cliff of eternity. What is the pregnant thought or the lingering phrase compared to an endless chain of endless opportunities for acquiring and cultivating a bank account? This is mercenary talk. I have been taught to believe from childhood that the love of money is the root of all evil. Let us admit that. In the generous hearts of the mighty West there is very little love of money for its own sake. Those who seek it do so, not for the mere selfish pleasure of possession, but because, being sensible human beings, they recognize it as a means to an end, a means that is absolutely indispensable in any sort of human achievement, whether it be the conduct of great business enterprises or the building of great nations. The jig-saw philosophy of districts largely agricultural teaches us that contentment is better than riches; but the big logs in the world's lumber mills are never cut by jig-saws. Before the lifetime of the present generation expires, the West should be the biggest factor in the great Canadian question, and British Columbia will be the biggest factor in the West.

#### C. prefers the effete East.

No doubt it is a glorious province, and wild horses shall not tear one disparaging word from me concerning it. May its lusty youth develop into a rich, mellow, gold-bearing, silver-streaked old age. May its inhabitants wax fat upon a diet of quartz and resources. The ringing enthusiasm of my friend Nichol about the wonderful future that lies before British Columbia merits a fervent amen. But some of us must stay here and portage the supplies over the waste places of the East, see to the disposal of public patronage, and cherish the sacred traditions of the U. E. Loyalists, and I humbly crave to be one of these. Picking up a ten pound nugget in the morning would never compensate me for one rainy night in a leaky tent. Breakfast consumed from the friendly side of a damp log has no mysterious attraction, and the lofty ambition of being tossed over the head of a broncho I leave to others. Go west, gentlemen, if you please, and grow up with the country, but leave me a niche in the effete civilizations. When you return millionaires and purchase peerages, and found universities, you will need some people to line the public streets and cheer. In that crowd of hero-worshippers, rather out at elbows, pale with excitement and frequent ablutions, but having enjoyed to the full the refinements of existence, you will find me. Do not give even a careless nod to your shabby acquaintance, for I shall not expect it. You will have expended the best years of your life in digging for gold, in falling over precipices, and in acquiring a bewildering superfluity of expletives. Your offspring will bury you magnificently, search the Herald's office for a new pedigree, and a generation later, having attained the inner circles of the most select society, will refer with flippant complacency to the hardy old pioneer who made the fortunes of the family. By all means go to British Columbia. There is a daily train. As for me, I stay here.

#### L. audits C.'s accounts.

For the next discussion I propose the question, Who is C. and why is he allowed to conceal himself behind an initial that might stand for Campbell, Cholmondeley, Clark, Cooper or Colquhoun? He says: "Picking up a ten-pound nugget in the morning would never compensate me for one rainy night in a leaky tent." Has he really considered this thing? Gold is worth, I am told, about \$240 a pound. Quinine is quoted at less than \$6 a pound. The best whiskey, I am told, can be procured for \$1.25 per quart bottle. Therefore, presuming C. slept in the rainy tent, caught cold and found his nugget in the morning, the account would stand thus:

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| One ten-pound nugget at \$240 per lb.....                          | \$2,400 00 |
| Ten pounds of quinine at \$5 per lb.....                           | \$ 50 00   |
| 100 bottles of best whiskey for self and sympathizing friends..... | 125 00     |
|  | 175 00     |
| Balance to credit of C.....  | \$2,225 00 |

It is evident that C. is not a man of business.

To my mind there is nothing the matter with British Columbia except that the coy maiden is eager and anxious to get all she can from her older sisters and pay them in promises. She is young, lusty and growing, but she is neither the biggest nor best looking girl in the family. So long as she is content to keep on growing and respects the feelings of the others, none of us in the effete East will do any kicking. When, however, she tries to put on airs, and tells us that she is the finest posse in the bunch; that she is destined eventually to be in a position to wipe out the national debt and keep the other members of the family out of the poorhouse; that her gold and other precious metals are better than those of any other, and that she gets her blushes where the evening sun kisses the Pacific, while her sisters are able to get only the cool breath of the morning sunrise, we want to tell her and those who speak for her, right here and now, that the sisters in the East are neither wrinkled nor unduly aged, that health and wealth is their portion, that they were the burden-bearers of Confederation when British Columbia was in swaddling clothes, and now, in their grand maturity, they are able to continue the good work of making Confederation's ends meet. We all hail British Columbia in her new-found strength, and rejoice that the blooming maid is now able and willing to assist in furthering the destiny of "Our Lady of the Snows," but I would gently remind the darling that she should make sure of keeping up with the procession before she undertakes to lead. She shouldn't get giddy and think that she is the leading lady in the show simply because she has been successful in leading captive our old and esteemed fellow laborer on the journalistic treadmill, Walter C. Nichol, of that ilk.

It has been observed that the air in some regions of the earth so affects a man as to make him believe he is a colossus, able to cross the widest rivers or scale the highest mountains at a stride. One who goes from Toronto to anywhere on Lake Superior notices it in the free way men talk of enterprises high up in the millions. If he moves on to Lake of the Woods, the vision broadens and the prevailing inflation begins to possess himself, although the streets of the towns are not paved with gold. If he goes as far as Winnipeg, he discovers that the least among the citizens are dwelling in the first heaven and have lost all consciousness of respect for "slow old Ontario," whence most of them have migrated. How it may be farther west I do not pretend to know, but I fancy that had Dante moved among the people in the region of the Sea of Mountains he might have added an eleventh to the heavens of the Paradiso. Golconda was not in it with the mineral wealth of British Columbia, if all accounts are true. Measured in weight of gold, that wealth is 25,500,000,000 short tons. Compared with the value of all the natural resources of the United States at the last census enumeration, inclusive of the mineral industries, it is as large as that country could produce at the same rate in 744,000 years; or compared with the value of that country's minerals as shown by the same census, it is as much as she could produce in 26,000,000 years; or compared with all the world's output of gold at that time, it is as much as the rest of the world at the same rate could produce in 135,000,000 years. We are more modest in Ontario, where the air is not so buoyant. Yet we possess a belt of mineral-bearing lands that stretches for a thousand miles across the province from the St. Lawrence to the Manitoba boundary, with a breadth of a hundred miles, easy of access by water and railway. We have within that belt the largest known area in the world of corundum-bearing lands. We have, too, the largest area of nickel-bearing lands. We have besides great deposits of copper and iron ores. And we have several areas of gold-bearing lands, any one of them of larger extent than the famous Witwatersrand—some in the eastern,

some in the northern, and more in the western parts of the province. Saving in one small tract, all the gold ores are free-milling, and the gold may be won cheaply, with an investment of capital small as compared with what is required in treating the refractory ores of many regions elsewhere. Besides, we have in the Old Ontario the best country for all-round farming in America, and in the New Ontario of the north we have millions of acres of rich virgin soil, and millions upon millions of acres covered with pulp-wood timber with illimitable water-powers to help the manufacture of it. Here, at our doors, there is room for expansion that an Empire might envy.

#### Social and Personal.

THE concert given by Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Beverley Robinson was a miniature replica of their successful big venture in Massey Music Hall some weeks ago. Last Monday evening saw the carriages of the elite in unnumbered numbers in McGill street and the seats of Association Hall occupied by as sweetly select an audience as merit and connection can get together in our city. Miss Beverley Robinson has deserved the success she gained on both occasions, and her friends emphasized the fact by turning out in numbers and receiving her with enthusiasm. Mr. Plunket Greene was, as usual, the darling of the *claqueurs*, who heard his large stock of songs in admiring content, and then did the usual Oliver Twist act which has gained Toronto a name among the cities for insatiability. The young Irishman looks like the end of a hard season of travel, song, and the incidental wear and tear of the popular vocalist. His pallor touches the hearts of the women, his dash and dignity please the men. His songs haunt one persistently, Edinbro-Edinbro, and that merry little milkmaid ditty, the Erl-King's seductive song, and the child's terrified cry, with the careless lilt and the minor wail of the songs of Ireland, a *melange* that no one else gives us. The new song, Magdalen, which was given here for the first time, was so original that it won every listener, the notion of the insistent blackbird demanding admission to Paradise for the penitent woman being startling and acceptable. "She is sorry, let her in, let her in." The audience, being of culture and perception to catch the full significance of many of Mr. Plunket Greene's most delicate effects, responded with sighs or smiles. Most of the little parties of pretty women and their cavaliers knew each other, and there was much smiling and nodding on every side. The Government House party sat in the gallery in their usual seats. Mrs. Strachan, Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Lady Meredith with her daughters, Mrs. Thorburn and Miss Meredith, and her son-in-law-elect, Dr. George Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy and their guest, Mrs. Russell, Lady Thompson and her daughters, Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. and Miss Allan, Judge and Mrs. Osler, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Misses Boulton, Captain Gilpin Brown, Mr. and Miss Cassells, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, Mrs. and Miss Hees, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Ethel White, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hankey, Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. McInnes, Mr. Hayter, the Misses Nordheimer, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Birdie Warren, Messrs. Heward, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss, Miss Small, Mrs. Charles Macdougall and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten were a few of those present. The songstress of the evening wore a most dainty and becoming gown of cream-white tissue over satin with a *berthe* of delicate lace caught over the shoulders with cerise flowers.

A touching little episode of the late Lord Herschell has been told me by one of the party lately in Washington, who were known as the High Jinks. One of Lord Herschell's little girls wrote to him in December: "Dear Daddy,—Please give those nasty Yankees everything they want, and come home to us for Christmas," little dreaming how and when the dear daddy would return. The deceased statesman was of singularly winning and lovable character, and all who were associated with him echo the words of my correspondent, that to know him had been a good thing.

Dr. Parkin's lecture on Oxford life attracted a fine audience to Trinity last Saturday afternoon. The large after-gatherings of the previous Saturday were replaced by several small and cosy teas. Mr. Alec Ireland again entertained a lot of young people, and Mr. Canfield, now quite recovered from gripe, was also a host, and so was Mr. Jack Baldwin. Professor Bedford-Jones was the only dignitary who kept open house. The men who entertain are an object lesson to hosts and hostesses the world over for kindness and alert solicitude to ensure everyone a good time, and one gets such pleasant surprises in various ways. Contrasts are the rule, and by the way, there is none greater than that between the student's saucy device for a gas globe of an inverted porcelain lamp-shade, which made everyone laugh at its ingenuity, and that dream of beauty and crinkled rose leaves, which does duty on Professor Jones' parlor lamp, a shade before which all lesser shades do homage. To-day the Provost lectures on Thackeray, and those who know their Thackeray and know also their Provost are looking forward to a refined and delightful study of the novelist of society.

On Saturday Mr. J. D. A. Tripp entertained Emil Sauer at luncheon at McConkey's, where a small party had the pleasure of an hour with the gifted pianist, who, I am glad to hear, is much benefited by the rest cure of Toronto. Those who met Herr Sauer are thinking of sending circulars to overtaxed musicians who may follow his example and give us the chance of such a treat as we had last week. By the way, a humorous tale was that told by Mr. Monckton of *Black and White* about his three days' seclusion at the Queen's, with gripe and the bell-boy for his only companions. The rest cure did not appeal to the jolly publisher with the same force it did to the over-tired pianist.

The Banda Rossa roused much enthusiasm among musical people at their four concerts this week, though the audiences were not as large as they should have been; many nervous persons cannot stand the noise of such an aggregation indoors. The favorite number was apparently the Carmen selection, in which the Toreador song and the burst of applause which in the opera greets his entrance to the ring, were given with grand effect. The trumpet solo from Stabat Mater was a grand tone study, the ringing climax of the Inflammatus being very fine. The handsome conductor, Signor Sorrentino, though lately a sufferer from an attack of appendicitis, did not spare efforts or encores for his audience. On Wednesday afternoon some charming groups of children were seen here and there, a couple of precocious mites in the *loges de paradis* creating much amusement by their energetic piano performances on the rail of their box. They had evidently studied the antics of famous players, and reproduced them with much ornate dumb show. On Wednesday evening a rather smart audience was present, and Mrs. Marshall Pease's singing elicited approval on each occasion. On Tuesday evening she wore a very pretty white gown of pleated chiffon over satin, and at the matinees a most smart and dainty costume of violet cloth, edged with fur, and richly trimmed with cream applique and violet chiffon. In the back seats a party of students made things interesting in a quiet way.

A correspondent writes for information as to calls and card leaving, wanting to know whether it is necessary—no, customary—to call after a luncheon or Sunday supper, if a first invitation. It is not necessary, and I have never heard of the custom. Is it proper to leave an additional card for the daughter of the house? It is if the daughter called on you and left her card, or if her name was on her mother's, but it is seldom done unless the daughter is a notable, or somewhat advanced in age. Is it necessary when paying a dinner or tea call to leave cards? Certainly; why not? You leave your own card only when paying a call in acknowledgment of a hospitality in which your husband was not included. The etiquette of cards is a subject of grave enquiry and unrest, but a small amount of reason and common sense would make it simple. "Why should I leave cards if I find the lady in?" asks one woman. How can you expect your hostess to remember and credit your visit if you don't? "Do I leave two of my husband's cards for a widow, or a lady whose husband is away for years?" asks another. The widow would find a second card superfluous, I fancy. If the woman who is a "grass" widow leaves her husband's cards, you must assume his presence and leave your husband's, just as though he were not absent.

## WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Cloths and Tweeds for Tailor-Made Gowns

Handsome Duchess Satins, Brocades, Embroidered Chiffons and All over effects for Dinner and Evening Gowns.

### MILLINERY

GLOVES—Special for This Month

8 in. length Undressed Kid Gloves, in all colors, regular \$1.50 for 75c.

6-in. length, regular \$1.25 for 50c.

2-clasp Gloves, with fancy stitchings, \$1.00.

Evening Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Lined Gloves a specialty.

Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888 11 & 13 King Street East, Toronto

## PANTECHNETHECA

### Cut Glass

If it has not brilliancy it has nothing.

A good piece will sparkle like a diamond. We buy no seconds. Every piece is a perfect specimen of the art.

116 YONGE ST.

### Art in Wall Hangings

The museums and galleries of the old lands have been ransacked to supply materials for the collection of wall papers which we show the present season Chintzes, Tapestries, Leathers, &c., of the highest excellence are faithfully reproduced in hangings of very moderate price.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

40 King Street East

Toronto

### Dessert Ware

We have just placed in stock a very fine range of dessert plates in such noted potteries as Coalport, Cauldron, Haveland and others, finished in a number of different styles, comprising greens, royal blues and other colors, with neat floral sprays. Prices begin at \$25.00 a dozen.

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING  
49 KING STREET EAST

### Good Value in Flowers

Is only possible to obtain where the stock is

Abundant and Always Fresh

Roses and cut flowers of every variety may be shipped to distant points in perfect safety, and good condition on arrival guaranteed.

Estimates given Write for descriptive price list to

**Dunlop's**

5 King West

445 Yonge St.

### Brass Goods

Hot Water Kettles

Spirit Flagons

### Chafing Dishes

Vienna Coffee Machines

Carpethian Trays

**Rice Lewis & Son**

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO



CO.

Gowns

ed Chiffons

Gowns.

onth

ors, regular

d tints.

ality.

e

t, Toronto

KA

ng.

dia-

Every

of the

ST.

S

old lands

aterials for

we show

apetries,

lence are

very mod-

O.

Toronto

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST

ST



## THE CORRECT SPRING STYLES

carrying final endorsement from fashion-setting points, are now in full view.

### MANTLES

Jackets, Capes, Suits, from Berlin's most famous designers.

### MILLINERY

Pattern Hats and Bonnets from such artists as Viot, Pouyenne, Pujol, Faulkner, Maurice, Jossi, Roger, Colomb, Estelle, Halsey and other designers famous in Paris, London and New York.

Dress Fabrics—Silks—Parasols—Umbrellas—Linen and Lace Handkerchiefs—Scarves—Bows—Jackets, &c.—Gloves—Corsets—Cambric Underwear.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**

King Street, opposite the Post Office



## Why Bother

with poor kitchen ware, that chips off and wears out quickly?

When by finding Kemp's

### GRANITE or DIAMOND

label on every piece you are sure of the long-lasting, wholesome kind—perfectly sure, because each piece is guaranteed.

Most dealers keep them—and they don't cost more.

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

## Ports, Sherries Burgundies...

Hock, Moselle

## GEO. W. COOLEY

567 Yonge Street

Telephone 3688

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

## Jay the Florist...

438  
SPADINA  
AVENUE

Extends a cordial invitation to you to visit his premises, where he is now showing a choice assortment of Spring Flowers, such as Daffodils, Tulips, Violets and Roses.

## BETTER THAN EVER

Without doubt, the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at  
901 King St. West.  
Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out-of-town patrons who frequent this establishment.  
Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be very popular, being run on the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c; Evening, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.

**Successful Catering**

requires a large stock, long experience and ample facilities. The fact that we have all of these makes it easy to give complete satisfaction.

No order is too large and none too small to receive faithful attention.

**The HARRY WEBB CO.**  
LIMITED,  
TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

The Ontario Society of Artists welcomed a very large assembly of their patrons and friends on Thursday evening of last week at their gallery in King street west, where the pictures selected by the Hanging Committee were on view. Artistically and socially the event was quite a notable one, and a very smart crowd was in attendance. The artists were modestly receptive of the more or less intelligent compliments and criticisms of their admirers, and the exhibition proved of considerable interest. From each wall looked down some cherished child of native genius, and the impressionist sat side by side with the older "methodist." If such a word may be used. Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, the most typical couple of the artist world; Miss Hagarty, always sweetly cordial and taking her art seriously; Mr. Morris, that darling colorist whose success is a byword; Mr. Manly, with his gorsehills and tinted foliage in new and charming pictures; Mr. McGillivray Knowles, with, as before, a striking exhibit (Psyche was the cynosure of all eyes). Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker came early and stayed late; Mrs. Walker wore a most artistic green gown with angel sleeves of white chiffon. Mrs. and Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. A. D. Stewart, the Misses Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Allen were a few of those present. The assembly, in the earlier evening, included most of the people interested in art in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford are to take up house at 68 Bloor street west very shortly.

Last Sunday afternoon the christening of Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson's son and heir took place in St. James' Cathedral. Mrs. Mulock was godmother, and the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Postmaster-General are godfathers to their name child, Wilfrid Mulock. Most of the wedding group of a couple of years ago were gathered for this happy event, and everyone admired the fine baby boy.

Never, never, has Massey Hall been so well packed for any musical event as it was for the Male Chorus Club's concert on Thursday evening of last week. Rows and rows of Sauer enthusiasts, ranks of Tripp admirers and hundreds of ladies fair whose men folk are the members of this really fine chorus, and who always turn out in force to encourage them. The evening's programme was entirely supplied by the sterner sex, and though many regretted the non-arrival of the tenor who sent instead a physician's certificate, regret changed to delight when the brave mannie with the grand voice who took his place had sung his first number. A bright and jolly little gentleman is Mr. Gwynn Miles, and he will always be welcome. It would be quite impossible to mention those who were present. Everyone seemed to be there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin are touring in California. Mr. Walter S. Lee left this week for England on business. Miss Mabel Lee is in New York. Mrs. Michie and her mother are still at Nassau, and the invalid is gaining strength daily. Mr. Herbert Mason went yesterday to England. Mr. Cesare Marani, who had been in town since Monday, accompanied his father-in-law. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Vandersmissen informally invited a number of the 'Varsity set to meet Mr. Marani and take tea. Principal and Mrs. Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Professor and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Alley, Miss Mason, Professor and Mrs. Louis Stewart were among those who enjoyed a chat with Mr. Marani and wished him bon voyage.

Miss Allison MacKenzie of Woodstock has been the guest of Miss Mae Dickenson of Glen Donald for the past two weeks.

Many a bright evening has been spent in the cosy homes of South Parkdale during the winter. One of the brightest of the year was that of Friday of last week at Dr. Sparrow's pretty residence in Jamestown avenue, when Miss Sparrow was at home to her many friends. After a jolly progressive euchre in which ten tables were surrounded, a delicious repast was served, then followed an enjoyable dance. During the intervals of the dance Miss Lillian Welch gave an admirable recita-

## "First Water" Diamonds

BY "FIRST-WATER" is meant diamonds that are absolutely perfect in color, of that beautiful "blue-white" so much coveted by connoisseurs.

They are also perfect in cutting, well-proportioned, and entirely free from flaws.

When such stones are wanted we can furnish them, and at prices lower than are often demanded for inferior qualities.

## Ryrie Bros.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Streets  
TORONTO.

tion in which she cleverly interpreted French Canadian dialect, and Dr. Malcolm Sparrow's sweet tenor voice was heard in selections that were much appreciated. Mrs. Sparrow assisted her daughter in contributing to a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Maurice J. Buckley of Avenue road entertained a number of out-of-town friends at a Lenten musicale last week. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss O'Neil of Ingersoll, Miss McMann, Miss Anderson, and Messrs. Castle, Fraser and Jellatt.

A new firm of stock brokers, Messrs. Kerr & Morson, is composed of Mr. George Kerr and Mr. Walter Morson, who have offices in the McKinnon Building.

Mrs. E. Tiffin, wife of the General Freight Agent Canadian Pacific Railway, 409 Jarvis street, has left for Southern California for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. T. H. Kelsey arrived home from St. Thomas last week and will receive the first three Wednesdays of the month.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Thomas' church on Saturday, March 4, at eight p.m., the contracting parties being Mr. A. E. Andrews and Miss M. E. Soper, only daughter of Mr. W. Soper. The bride was given away by Mr. G. E. Gibbard on account of the father's illness. Miss M. Reed acted as bridesmaid and Mr. H. Troman as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. H. Hartley. The bride was attired in a fawn cloth costume and carried a large bouquet of roses.

Among the pupils who played at the one hundred and fiftieth musicale of Professor Martin Krause was a young Toronto girl, Miss Jennie Byford, daughter of Mr. G. R. Byford, Spadina avenue. This young pianist attracted much attention both from her youth and her undoubted ability. In September, 1897, Mr. Harry Field brought his young pupil to the well known pedagogue, Professor Martin Krause, with whom she has studied most industriously ever since. Miss Byford played Grieg's Humoreske in G minor, and one of the excellent studies of Sinding. These pieces showed an unusually developed musical feeling and intelligence, a fine tone, marked rhythm, but above all genuinely artistic style. The performance was listened to with very evident interest and pleasure, and the young Torontonian received some of the most sincere and spontaneous applause of the evening.

The death of Dr. Wright, father of Mrs. Irving Cameron, took place on Tuesday after a long period of invalidism, and removed from medical circles a very respected practitioner and one of the old-time Torontonians. Mrs. Cameron is unfortunately far away in Leipzig with her daughter, Miss Evelyn, who is pursuing her studies under Krause. Much sympathy goes to her from many warm friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House and Miss Cawthra are to go to Mordington to visit Mrs. Campbell-Renton in May.

A concert that will interest music-lovers of this city will be the one to be given in Massey Hall on Thursday, April 6. I may state here also that the following distinguished persons have consented to be present and lend their patronage to this grand musical event: Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir William and Lady Meredith, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Street, Mr. S. and Mrs. Nordheimer, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Shaw and Council. There will be two chief attractions; one will be the reappearance of Richard Burnmeister, the great pianist, who, it will be remembered, created enormous excitement on his first visit in December last at Association Hall. The Fadette's Women's Orchestra of Boston will make their first appearance before a Toronto audience, and it is expected will make a decided hit. The ladies of this orchestra are all from the most aristocratic families of Boston, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to leave their native city, which will make it all the more interesting when they play here. Miss Lillian Chandler, connected with the orchestra, is one of the greatest violinists in America to-day. The assisting soloist will be Mrs. H. W. Parker of the Conservatory. The subscribers' list for this grand concert was opened at Nordheimer's yesterday.

## Personal Notes from the Capital

QUITE a smart and select affair was the skating party given by Lord and Lady Minto on Friday evening last. Only about fifty people were asked, and there was, in consequence, an utter absence of the unpleasant crowding that characterized the At Home of last Monday, when the elect and the non-elect were bidden, as in the days of the last regime. One of the most successful features of the evening was the torchlight marches on the little rink, in which each person taking part carried aloft a flaming torch. The toboggan slides also had their merry devotees. Mrs. Drummond being the life and soul of many an expedition down the steep incline. In "Holiday Hut," built by the Princess Louise for an outdoor studio, tea, coffee and bouillon were to be had during the evening. In the tea-room, in the skating pavilion, a tempting supper was served shortly after ten. Major-General and Mrs. Hutton, Capt. Bell, Colonel Foster, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Burbridge, the Misses Burbridge, Colonel and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Misses Ashe, McIntyre, Fielding, Anderson, Ritchie, Crombie, Mr. Gill, Mr. Grant, Dr. Fleming, Mr. Powell and Mr. Creighton were among those present.

Major Drummond, the Governor-General's military secretary, got back to town on Monday from Washington, where he represented His Excellency at the late

## Fresh Codfish

If you want fresh codfish, brought by express direct from the fisheries, or oysters on the half shell delivered at your house, leave your order with us. **F. SIMPSON & SON'S** new store, 736 & 738 Yonge Street, four doors north Czar Street.

### Telephones

3445 & 4239

## Fresh Codfish

### Telephones

3445 & 4239

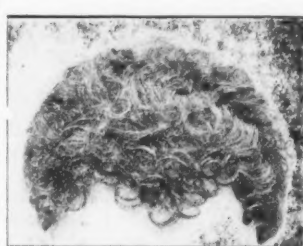
### KID GLOVES

FOWNE'S

From one end of the land to the other—wherever ladies who demand the best are found—Fownes' Gloves are the recognized standard of merit and fashion—They are the best for dress and for the street, for all occasions and all purposes—To wear them is to be correctly gloved—Phyllis and Eugenie best for spring wear.

### CELEBRATED

## WE DESIGN OUR OWN STYLES



Demi-pompador, our latest creation.

### HERE IS OUR LATEST CREATION

Therefore we do not have to look around, copy or reproduce old styles which have been worn only a few years since. We have the latest plates and magazines and are well posted. We still maintain that compadour reigns supreme in London, Paris and New York.



Our Pompador

But here we have something entirely new which we call the Demi-pompador. This bang consists of a nice, large, full pompador, made on a comb with a small sharp point in the center. If you want something entirely new go to Pember's. It is up-to-date. Princess of Wales and all old styles—old at half prices. We have just received a large shipment of natural wavy hair, and now we have as much natural wavy hair as all the other firms combined; if you do not believe it come and see, and we can sell naturally wavy switches at extremely low prices, considering the quality. We cordially invite all ladies interested in fashion to examine our latest bang.

## W. T. PEMBER

Tels. 2275 and 3553.

127-129 and 778 Yonge Street



### A MINT OF HINTS

on the care of the complexion and hair will be found in our book, "Health and Good Looks," and "Ab-out the Hair." Send stamp for them. Our PRINCESS FACE and TOILET POWDER is superior to the finest French Powders. Only 50c. by mail or at drug-gists.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., removed permanently and satisfactorily by Electrolysis. **Graham Dermatological Institute.** 41 Carlton St., Toronto. Tel. 1858

Lord Herschell's funeral on Saturday. By the way, it was this sad event, which has shocked both the social and political worlds, that prevented the Earl and Countess of Minto from attending the Plunket Greene concert on Wednesday last. The Vice-Regal boxes, however, were occupied by Lady Sybil Beauclerk, Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Guise and Lady Ellen Elliot, the latter a much admired little maiden in a dainty white muslin frock.

Mrs. Gormully and Miss Thistle were the hostesses on Thursday evening at a very successful skating party in the Rideau Rink. On Monday evening Mrs. Dobell also entertained in the same delightful way.

A very bright and jolly Kettledrum given on Thursday evening claimed charming Mrs. Fielding as hostess. It was given in honor of her pretty young visitor, Miss Holmes, and in consequence the guests, with a few exceptions, were all young people. Mrs. Fielding, assisted by her two daughters, received in the drawing-room, while in the dining-room the dainty tea-table was presided over by Miss Walker Powell and Miss Smith. An orchestra, concealed on the stairway as orchestras are wont to be at teas, rendered sweet music during the afternoon. Mrs. Hutton, always the center of a jolly group, was among the few married women present.

Mrs. Casey of Belleville, wife of Mr. Casey, M.P. for West Elgin, is in town on a visit to Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

The Minister of Interior and Mrs. Sifton gave a very successful dinner party on Thursday evening. Covers were laid for eighteen at the tastefully decorated table. Those present included: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair, Mr. Sheriff Sweetland, Miss Sparks, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacTavish, Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Reid, Mrs. Casey of Belleville and Colonel Foster.

Miss Ursula Davies, daughter of Capt. Davies, R.N., of Bloxham, England, is a recent arrival in town on a visit of some months to her uncle, Sir Louis Davies. Miss Davies' elder sister spent last winter in Ottawa and by her charming manner made a host of friends during her stay.

With no small degree of surprise did the news come to society this week of the engagement of Lady Sybil Beauclerk to Capt. Lascelles, A.D.C. Lady Sybil Beauclerk is a niece of the Countess of Minto and a sister of the Duke of St. Albans. Capt. Lascelles is a younger son of Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador at Berlin. Congratulations galore have been showered upon the young couple, both of whom are immensely popular.

Lieut.-Col. Herchimer, Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, is in town at present, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Allan.

Mrs. W. F. Powell was the hostess at a jolly little tea on Saturday afternoon. It

### 'PHONE 536

"You'll get it at

## HOOPER'S"

Hodder's Carminative  
De Sanctis Gout Pills  
Dr. Bows Liniment  
Widow Welch's Pills  
Beckett's Embrocation  
Bunter's Nerve  
Florine  
Crab-orchard Salts  
Dahl's Dyspepsia Cakes  
Lanlo  
Mincasea  
Fer Bravis  
Dalby's Carminative  
Godfrey's Ext. Elder Flowers  
Sawyer's Corn & Bunion  
Salacea  
Coe's Eczema Cure

These are only a few of the many English, French and American proprietary preparations we carry in stock.

## HOOPER & CO.

43 and 45 West King St.  
TORONTO

## Wedding Invitations

FROM the copper-plate—  
or from our "engraver's  
script" type.

WRITE for samples of  
our workmanship.

The  
Bain Book  
& Stationery Co.  
96 Yonge St.

A. E. HUESTIS  
Manager

## Tidy

...the Florist

is making some very handsome Baskets for Afternoon Teas. If you are giving an affair of this kind, ask us for an estimate.

STORE and  
CONSERVATORY  
75 King St. West, Toronto

### GOLD SPECTACLES

A specialty  
at the old established firm.

### C. POTTER, 31 King Street

was originally intended for a ski-party, but unkind fate intervening, the tea hour was merrily spent inside.  
Ottawa, Mar. 7, '99.

## Turn Over a New Leaf

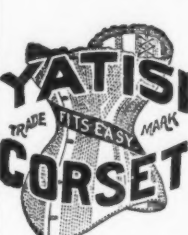
Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.

One of those convenient little Soup Squares of high quality (Lazenby's) makes 1½ pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

## Lazenby's Soup Squares

Made in England, but sold  
Everywhere.

## Crompton ...Corsets



are constructed in accordance with physiological principles. The celebrated "Yatisi" is admirable as a health corset; gives no pressure, but yields to the movements of the body. Will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what the style of form. The Yatisi is proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect corset obtainable for the delicate lady, the business woman or the wheelwoman.

Sold in all the Stores.  
Ask for the "Yatisi."

Tel. 1551

Established 1868

## Lots of Hair

Hair is ornamenting, especially on women's heads. It refines the face when properly and artistically adjusted. We sell Switches, Bangs, etc., so reasonable as to be within reach of all wishing to procure our styles.

The Dorenwend Co.  
OF TORONTO, Limited  
103-105 Yonge St., Toronto  
Drop in. Better and cheaper than elsewhere.

## ARMAND'S NEW STYLE OF FRONTS

Fasten to the head with "patent fasteners."  
No hairpins required—\$5.50, \$3 and \$7 each.



A new style, also made on combs, no net foundation—\$5.00 and \$5.50. These styles are beautifully light and natural looking. Ladies outside of Toronto will get suited just as well as in Toronto. Send samples and amount and we will forward any of the above styles by return mail. We will exchange if not suited.  
For fine long hair switches, straight and natural wavy, we have the largest choice of any other store. Get one of our \$5.00 line natural wavy switches. Best bargain of the season. Send sample of your hair.  
Telephone 2498

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.  
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton, Toronto, Ont.

## FOR EASTER

Dainty Cards &

Dainty Booklets

MISS E. PORTER Stationery Department  
Ladies' Work Depository  
47 King West

## Manicuring and Chiropody

Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments 50c. each.  
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist.  
L. A. STACHOUR, 224 King St. West  
Opp. Rossin House, Toronto. Telephone 1882.



## OLD JOPPER'S VOTE; or, How George Pedal, M.P., Obtained His Majority.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS, IN THE STRAND.

Author of *The Bayonet that Came Home*, etc.

M R. JOSEPH JOPPER, of 2 Crane alley, refused to be interviewed by either of the Parliamentary candidates. He said openly to friends, "I don't believe neither in your Tories nor your Rads. Look 'ee 'ere! They're jes' six o' one and 'arf a dozen o' the other. And I ain't a-goin' to vote for neither Gaskin nor Pedal, I ain't."

Bubbleton Borough was in for one of the closest contests on record. A single vote might determine the issue. The gossip of clubs and inns said so, the party journals anxiously admitted it. Radicals were well aware that they had a clever man in Pedal. They could even point to the record of the last election with its astoundingly encouraging increase in their vote. But Pedal had a weak point. He was not "local" either by birth, property, or even temporary residence. That was where so much of his argument failed against his rival's supporters. "Gaskin is one of us. Our interests are his," they said. Such a personal influence counts for much in an election.

The political attitude assumed by Mr. Jopper appeared remarkable as the polling day drew closer. His indifference amidst a hotly increasing excitement was impressive. People began to talk about Jopper. Some termed him an independent thinker, others called him an awkward odd cuss. Presently the political agents of the parties grew cunning and sought out Mr. Jopper's personal friends. "Come, now! you know old Jopper," they said, very persuasively. "Try what you can do with him."

No. 2 Crane alley is a fried fish shop. Occasionally Jopper was to be found at the counter; more often he was hawking in the streets with a barrow. In the latter case, it was Mrs. Jopper who answered to customers. She was young, absurdly young, when compared with her husband; pretty, and newly married. The visitors, both Radicals and Conservatives, thought that they saw their electoral opportunity in Mrs. Jopper. Their arguments were powerfully disturbing to an enthusiastic nature; their entreaties that she should use her good offices with Jopper were exciting to an emotional soul. Soon she was sounding her husband with a tremendous sense of responsibility—was it the Radicals or the Conservatives which were right?

Jopper had a stoop which made him hang his head forwards. His countenance was fat, fresh in color, but aged with time. He wore a coat-waistcoat with dark greasy sleeves. It drew up in wrinkles towards the shoulders, allowing an inch of shirt to appear above the dirty check trousers.

"The Radicals or the Conservatives!" he repeated listlessly.

"Yes," she urged, her lips parting breathlessly with interest.

There was a weighty pause. Jopper straightened the curve in his back.

"It don't count neither way," he said; adding explanatorily, "I shouldn't be a 'penny the better off either o' 'em."

The answer did not appear satisfactory. Mrs. Jopper heaved a deep sigh of disappointment. Presently she remarked, with a sudden appearance of vivacity:

"Gaskin passed by 'ere to-day—I see 'm—close as me to you."

Mr. Jopper yawned cavernously, displaying some ill-sown yellow teeth.

"Did 'e?" he asked, indifferently.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jopper, "e did."

She paused, adding, reflectively, "E looks —"

Mrs. Jopper hesitated; a dreamy expression came into her blue eyes, shadowing over an excessive animation of the face.

"E looks—wot?" Mr. Jopper urged, moving restlessly in his chair.

"Why! A real gentleman," Mrs. Jopper replied, with sudden decision, adding, "and 'e is 'andsome, too."

"You think 'im—'andsome, do yer?" Jopper asked, glancing sourly at her from the corners of his eyes.

"Yes, 'E is as like 'is plecter in the Express as two peas. I knew 'im at onst by the moustache. 'E is a deal better lookin' nor Pedal."

Jopper rose noisily to his feet.

"Moustache or no moustache, I don't want 'im 'ere," he said, angrily; and he quitted the room, banging the door behind him.

"There! now he is bin and got jealous as usual," Mrs. Jopper remarked, grumblingly, to herself. It was a distressing perception which was gradually flooded over by the hourly growing agitation in Mrs. Jopper's mind—which were right, the Radicals or the Conservatives?

M R. GASKIN dealt with a Bond street tailor. It was not an extravagance. He owned a large part of Bubbleton. The epithet "smart," with all which it connotes when applied to a man's wardrobe, will describe Mr. Gaskin's sartorial appearance. For the rest, he was forty, tall, and well set-up. He had just finished breakfast, and now directed his steps towards the study.

"Good morning, Brooks," he said to the private secretary, seated at a writing table, awaiting him. And his eye rested upon a blue and white pile of letters, some in long, some in square, envelopes.

"There are a good many, sir, this morning," the secretary remarked, following Mr. Gaskin's gaze. He rose to his feet.

"It gets worse every day," Mr. Gaskin grumbled. "I shall be thankful when the poll is over."

The secretary smiled. Turning to a side table, he took up an oblong parcel, which was enclosed in a coarse brown paper that appeared crumpled as with much service.

"This came by the parcel post," he explained.

"What is it?" Mr. Gaskin asked, idly, holding out his hand.

"It bears the 'Bubbleton' postmark," the secretary remarked, dubiously, "but —"

"Why, it is heavy as lead," Mr. Gaskin interrupted. He turned the parcel over in his hand, his expression expanding with astonishment, as he eyed it curiously. "And — Why?"

"Their eyes met."

"Yes, sir. It is done up in blue ribbon. Brown paper and blue ribbon."

The secretary permitted himself to laugh.

Mr. Gaskin trained the left point of his waxed moustache, thoughtfully.

"Give me a penknife," he muttered.

Presently there was a crisp snick, then the rustling of paper being unfolded. A second later, Mr. Gaskin drew forth a quart bottle of pickled onions.

"But whom is this from?" he exclaimed. "I haven't ordered any. Fudge! I hate onions."

He placed the bottle so suddenly upon the table before him that the yellow of the onions rolled roundly amongst their pickle of coarse, brown vinegar.

"Perhaps there is a note!" the secretary suggested, glancing over Mr. Gaskin's shoulder into the folds of the brown paper.

The wrapper was impatiently turned inside out.

"No," Mr. Gaskin said. His eye fell upon the blue ribbon. He frowned, adding, "A practical joke, I suppose."

The secretary laughed freely. It was a familiarity which offended Mr. Gaskin's punctilious sense of self-importance. Striding to the writing table he began to open the pile of correspondence.

Mr. Gaskin read through the first letter, and placed it by his side with the coldly-delivered remark, "I will answer this myself." The second was a circular. It was torn angrily into halves, and thrown into a waste-paper basket. "A civil reply, please, but say 'No,'" Mr. Gaskin directed, stiffly, passing the third into Mr. Brooks's hand. The fourth—the fourth went into the waste-paper basket. The fifth —

Mr. Gaskin read, and re-read it. He looked up. The secretary was addressing an envelope.

"I've —"

"One moment, sir," Mr. Brooks interrupted, respectfully. Affixing a stamp, he hurriedly closed the envelope. "Yes, sir, you were going to say —"

"I've a letter here, from a woman signing herself—Laura Jopper," Mr. Gaskin explained, slowly. "She writes from 2 Crane alley. I think I'll say—"

Mr. Gaskin reflected. The secretary drew a sheet of paper forwards, holding his pen in readiness.

"Write!—Madam, Mr. Joseph Gaskin desires me to acknowledge with many thanks your letter of the 13th instant and the handsome present of pickles which accompanied it. I am to state that it has given him great pleasure to find that Mrs. Jopper should have so appreciated his labors in behalf of the Conservative cause. And I am to add that at the first opportunity the onions shall certainly appear at his table. Expressing Mr. Gaskin's renewed thanks, I am, madam —"

"Let me see what you've written."

The secretary handed over the letter, gravely.

"Yes, that will do," Mr. Gaskin said, after a pause. He looked up, explaining, "The woman writes an hysterical farrago how I am going to save the country and how she would die to help me. The excitement of the election seems to have turned her head."

Yes, one must turn this sort of people. Aye, I know. The husband has a vote. She may influence him. I hope so. Johnson was telling me that he could do nothing with him. An awkward sort of customer. Anyhow, the letter'll do. Let it go by the next post."

Mr. Gaskin returned it to his secretary, and, rising, pressed the button of an electric bell.

A man-servant appeared.

"Yes," Mr. Gaskin pointed to a side table. "There is a bottle of onions, there. John. You are welcome to them. No, I do not want them. Take them with you, now."

III.  
THE postman does not often call at Crane alley. The man himself felt that it was an event. Smiling, he handed a letter to Mrs. Jopper.

"For me?" she gasped.

"For you!" he replied.

Jopper was out. Nevertheless, Mrs. Jopper ran up to the privacy of a bedroom upon the second floor, before she trusted herself to open the precious missive that, with its beautiful paper and handwriting, must surely come from Mr. Gaskin. "Madam"—its first word brought a brilliant color into her cheeks. She had never been addressed as "Madam" in her life. She perused it in an ecstasy of gratified vanity.

"There," she whispered, hollowly, to herself, "There!"

An unusual excitement about Mrs. Jopper attracted her husband's attention when he returned home. The brilliancy of her eyes, the rapid flow of her words, the restlessness of her movements made him uneasy. He taxed her with it. But she would admit nothing. She was the same as usual, she said. Jopper's eyes rolled suspiciously. A little later, he rose suddenly to his feet.

"Wot's that you've jes' shoved into your pocket?" he asked, masterfully. "G'it me."

Mrs. Jopper had been taking a sly glance of enjoyment. She drew back in alarm.

"It ain't nothin'," she replied. "It's only a reckonin' o' Saturday's red 'errins'."

"And it over, d'ye 'ear?" Mr. Jopper said, more masterfully.

"Yer've see it already, Joe," Mrs. Jopper answered, faintly, hoping to escape.

"I ain't. And it ain't no red 'errin' reckonin'! It's a letter; I see the envelope."

There was no escape. Mrs. Jopper drew forth Mr. Gaskin's letter with a trembling hand. It was snatched from her grasp.

"So you've been a-writin' to 'im! You've been a-sendin' 'im my pickled injins, 'ave yer?" said Mr. Jopper, threateningly, after a dreadful silence spent in perusal.

Mrs. Jopper raised her hands beseechingly.

"Laura!" said Mr. Jopper, awfully. "I shall fetch 'em back, I shall."

"But, Joe, 'e 'ull eat 'em 'isself, if yer only let 'im," she pleaded, pathetically. "'E 'ull eat the werry pickles as I made 'im my own 'ands. Think o' that, now."

And Mrs. Jopper raised a martyr's face.

"Gaskin eat your pickles! Gaskin!" said Mr. Jopper, witheringly. Mrs. Jopper felt herself choking with disappointment. She raised a hand pitifully to her throat.

"Never! If I knows it," said Mr. Jopper, with jealous force; and he quitted the room, carrying Mr. Gaskin's letter with him.

A sweep of gravel drive curves round to the front door. There is a point where a path upon the left leads away behind the mansion. Jopper saw this path plainly. But he refused to be guided by it. His angry emotions disposed him to claim an equality with Mr. Gaskin by walking sturdily along the gravel drive. Jopper scarcely realized his social boldness till the bell was rung and he was waiting inactively upon a broad white surface at the head of a flight of steps.

At length the door opened.

"I want to see Mr. Gaskin," he said, a red flush expanding from under the dirt-smears that were upon his face. John, the man-servant, hesitated.

The appearance of Jopper would have harmonized better with the framework of the back door. Nevertheless, at election times —

"What name shall I give?" he asked, doubtfully.

The reply came boldly and straightforwardly:—

"Joe Jopper."

"Step in, sir."

The high door was closed behind him. Jopper stood upon the tessellated pavement of a fine hall. "Thank-ee," he said, seating himself awkwardly upon the edge of a proffered chair.

The man-servant left him, in search of Mr. Gaskin.

The stillness of the lofty hall, its great oil paintings, its broad flight of stairs—affected Jopper in spite of himself. He was still indignant, but it was now a confused indignation. He was feeling with alarm that it would be difficult to put it into words amidst this grand furniture. He was nervous taking out a red handkerchief to mop his face, when John returned through a door.

"This way, please," the man-servant invited.

They traversed a corridor with panels in white and gold. Jopper entered a room confusedly.

"You wished to see me?" Mr. Gaskin said, interrogatively, looking over his shoulder from a writing table. Jopper swept a glance round. He felt his feet upon the amazing softness of a Turkey carpet.

"I did," he gasped.

"Well! What is it?"

Jopper shifted his hat from hand to hand. His stoop grew more pronounced. Suddenly he drew himself up in desperation, and began to explain.

Mr. Gaskin pushed back his chair. "But I don't understand!" he remarked. "What letter is it that you refer to?"

"It ain't s-so much the letter," Jopper replied, stammering; "it's the pickles as I can't get over. She didn't ought to have sent 'em."

A sudden light dawned upon Mr. Gaskin.

"Ah! but you didn't mention them before. Now I understand," he said, with a laugh. "You want them back, then?"

"I do," Jopper said, sulkily. "She didn't ought to have sent 'em without a-tellin' me—er 'usband. If she 'ad, it would have been different; and very like I wouldn't have said nothin'."

Jopper's tone was plainly jealous. Mr. Gaskin, not being able to read the future, felt amused. He put a question with a smile.

"Mrs. Jopper is young, I suppose?"

"She is old enough to know better," Jopper answered, sulkily.

"And pretty?"

"Their eyes met."

Jopper had a vote. Mr. Gaskin saw that he had gone too far. Bowing, he hastily covered up his question.

"The pickles shall be returned to Crane alley to-night, Mr. Jopper," he said, formally.

"For sure?" the old man enquired, suspiciously.

"My servant shall bring them."

Jopper turned lumberingly around, prepared to quit the room with a muttered thanks.

Mr. Gaskin checked him at the door. "I trust that we may have your vote, Mr. Jopper," he said, ingratiatingly.

"I dunno. I'll see about it when I get the injins back."

"But, Mr. Jopper —"

Jopper did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence. He escaped.

The incident passed out of Mr. Gaskin's mind till the evening. "Oh! by-the-bye, I was nearly forgetting," he muttered to himself, striding to a bell.

The man-servant appeared.

"John!" said Mr. Gaskin. "I am sorry, but I must ask for those pickles back, which I gave you yesterday. I'll make it up to you some other way."

An anxious perplexity came into the man-servant's face. He flushed, fidgeting with his hands.

"They've 'eat 'em 'up, sir, in the servant's 'all," he explained, after an awkward hesitation.

"What! a whole quart in one day?" Mr. Gaskin exclaimed, in surprise.

John looked bashfully upon the ground.

"I 'elped 'em, sir," he admitted.

"Well! no harm, no harm," Mr. Gaskin said, genially. "I am glad you all enjoyed them. But let me have the bottle, please. I wish to return it. We can fill it up with other onions."

"There you 'ave me again, sir," the man-servant remarked, lugubriously. "We chucked the empty bottle atop o' the dust-heap. And the dustman called 'alf an hour afterwards with the cart."

"Well, well!" Mr. Gaskin exclaimed, impatiently: "get me another bottle of the same size. And tell cook to fill it with onions. I shall want you to take it to a man, named Jopper, at 2 Crane alley."

You know. Yes! near the Market square."

Some people are described as "never knowing when they are satisfied." Jopper had approached Mr. Gaskin as he had said that he would do. The pickles were to be returned, as he had said that they should be. Yet still Jopper harped upon the subject to his wife.

"You've 'ad your way, wot no'er d'yer want?" the latter asked, bitterly. She did not understand that her husband, having gathered importance in his own eyes from his action, was now jealously desirous of impressing her with the same.

This blindness to his verities, this stupidity towards his determination—irritated Jopper. He would have wished for her open credit and admiration of the fact that he—a "little" man—had boldly approached a "big" man.

Jopper exhibited an extraordinary fury, then, when he recognized that the bottle of pickles which Mr. Gaskin returned was not identical with the one that had been originally dispatched. Jopper's new indignation appeared very real to his wife. His threats of a separation, of suicide, of smashing the pink china vase—alarmed her. The home seemed threatened with ruin unless she could pacify him.

But how? There seemed but one way. The original bottle of onions must be returned. Crushing down her disappointment, Mrs. Jopper came to her determination. She would go to Mr. Gaskin upon the following morning. If she explained the matter clearly, that hero of her imagination could not have the heart to refuse. An afterthought came soothingly to the little woman. Though Mr. Gaskin must not be allowed to eat her onions, she would

## DISTINGUISHED

From all others by its delicious flavor and absolute purity.



Sold in Lead Packets only.

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.

All Grocers.



still have the pleasure of hearing the great man express a keen regret at the withdrawal of her gift. The idea gratified her vanity. She went trustfully to sleep with it.

Mr. Gaskin was fagged and weary. "Whom did you say?" he asked, irritably.

"Mrs. Jopper," was the reply. "I'm very busy. Ask her to call again!" Mr. Gaskin ordered, shortly, going on with his work.

"Well!" Mr. Gaskin exclaimed, raising his head as John reappeared. "The woman says that she wants to see you very particularly, sir. She would be obliged if you'd spare her five minutes."

"These people never think that, with five minutes to one and five minutes to another, the whole of one's time is swallowed up," Mr. Gaskin grumbled. "But, show her in!" he added, impatiently.

"I have returned the pickles. My man took them to your husband last night," he said to Mrs. Jopper, when, flushed and trembling, she had seated herself in his presence.

"That is the ordered part of it, sir. You ain't," Mrs. Jopper replied, quaveringly. "Our bottle ain't come back yet. They've brought us another, and Jopper is takin' on orful becos of it. I'm afeared o' wot 'e 'ull do to me if 'e don't get 'is own."

Mr. Gaskin wished to get on with his work.

"Tush!" he exclaimed. "But it held the same amount of onions as yours, didn't it?"

Mrs. Jopper bridled gratefully. It seemed to her that Mr. Gaskin was arguing so that he might keep her handiwork for himself.

"That ain't the p'int with Jopper," she remarked, lowering her eyes, with a pretty confusion.

"What isn't the point?" Mr. Gaskin asked.

"The bottles bein' o' the same size," Mrs. Jopper answered. She hesitated. Her voice dropped a tone as she added:—"It's Jopper's jealous ways as makes 'im say as 'e will 'ave mine."

She looked slyly upwards.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Gaskin exclaimed, meeting her eye.

There was a pause. Mr. Gaskin was in doubt what to do. Mrs. Jopper misinterpreted his silence. It appeared to her to be due to a charming obstinacy. It gratified her vanity that Mr. Gaskin still made no offer of returning the pickles. "You 'ull let me 'ave 'em back, sir?" she urged, presently.

"I fear that I can't."

"Don't say 'No,' sir," Jopper is terrible when 'e is in 'is takins'."

Mr. Gaskin felt the position to be awkward. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"I am sorry —"

"Now, don't say 'No,' sir," Mrs. Jopper interrupted, beseeching with her hands.

"I am sorry," Mr. Gaskin repeated, coloring; "but—but I have not got the pickles."

"You've eat 'em, 'ave yer?" Mrs. Jopper suggested, her eyes rolling dramatically.

"No! I have not eaten them," the Parliamentary candidate replied, slowly, unwillingly.

"Then, give 'em me back, sir, and I'll bless yer," said Mrs. Jopper, rising to her feet. "I'll bless yer as a pore woman as respects yer by day and by night."

"I tell you that I have not got your pickles, Mrs. Jopper," Mr. Gaskin replied.

There was a silence. He could not resist her penetrating glance.

"I gave them to John—the servants have eaten them," he explained.

Mrs. Jopper's face turned white. Her lips trembled at the thought of her onions having been given to the servants. Suddenly she spoke with the fury of an outraged vanity:—

"If anyone 'ad told me it of yer, I'd never a-believed 'em." She cursed angrily, scornfully. "Good day, Mr. Gaskin. I'll see what Jopper says to it, all I will."

And that was how old Jopper plumped for Pedal.

And the one vote did it!

Are You Losing Flesh?

Then something is wrong. To the young it always means trouble. It is a warning to any one, unless they are already too fat. Scott's Emulsion checks this waste and brings up your weight again.

## A Good Complexion Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secret for securing a clear complexion.

But all these are simply superficial assistants. It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary. Take these tablets and eat all the good, wholesome food you want, and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion, and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man or woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores, and cost but 50 cents per package. They are prepared by the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion. Ask your druggist for the tablets and a free book on stomach diseases.

So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries.—Irish newspaper.

## Maypole Soap The Great Home Dye

The most economical and money-saving dye that money can buy. Will both wash and dye. To be had in all colors. Does not fade if properly used. Instructions with every packet.

CANADIAN AGENTS  
**A. P. TIPPET & CO.**  
8 Place Royale, Montreal

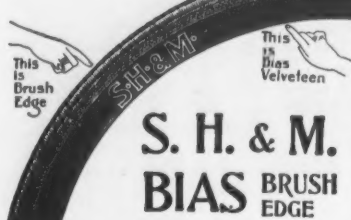


For this changeable weather you need  
**DR. JAEGER'S UNDERWEAR**  
not heavy, but pure undyed wool. Our Camel-hair Gowns and Slippers are a luxury.  
Canadian Depot, 85 King St. West, Toronto

**Enameline** is the Modern Stove Polish, which means UP-TO-DATE; that is, labor-saving, brilliant



## CURVES TO FIT IRON-LIKE WEAR



**OUTWEARS** all other bindings four times over—the brush edge is practically everlasting and indestructible. So dressy, so elegant, so soft, so rich, so handsome, and fits the rounded skirt as though a part of it. Do not buy a ready-made skirt unless it is bound with it, for the skirts that wear are bound with the binding that wears.

S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. West, TORONTO, Ont.



## P. D. Corsets

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split at the seams or tear in the fabric. Made in fashionable colors and shades in Silk, Satin and French Coutil. Long and short waists. All sizes. At best Dry-goods stores everywhere.

\$1 to \$30 a pair.

There are three conditions:  
When the blood is poor;  
When more flesh is needed;  
When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.

There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.

It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

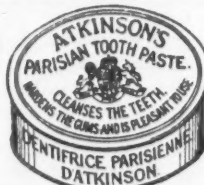
50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

## SPRIN

Yes, housecleaning, if you wish—your curtains, lace or chenille—your drapes—your quilts—your blankets—cleaned in a manner that gives you back the finest goods as nice looking as when they first came out of the store.

R. PARKER & CO.  
Dyers and Cleaners  
787-791 Yonge Street - Toronto  
Phones—3037, 3640, 2143, 1094, 5095

## CLEANING



**WHIRLWIND CARPET CLEANER**  
CARPETS TAKEN UP, CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.  
Cor. Bloor and Manning Avenues.  
Phone 1550 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor

## OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building  
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.  
The SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

## CORN CURE

A sure cure without pain - 25 Cents  
W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist  
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

## One of Russia's Calamities.

THE attention of the public has been so often appealed to during the past month by the immigration of the Doukhobors and the deplorable events that led to their exile, that probably it may be interesting to some people to read a brief account of the epidemic of suicide that took place at Ternovala, in South Russia, in the year 1896.

Such catastrophes are not uncommon in the annals of Russian history. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries numerous examples occurred, and have been accounted for by the Government in the absence of treatment of the insane, as only a small percentage were under care, and the remainder at large played prominent parts in social crises.

In this notable case the general oppression of the people, religious persecution, and the fear of exile were the direct and exciting causes of this social psycho-pathological event.

In the town of Ternovala, a family named Kovalev, living upon their small estate, gathered about them a number of followers belonging to the old Russian faith. The various sects that have arisen from time to time differ but slightly from the fundamental doctrines of the Church, except in forms, and hardly ever in any opinion respecting the nature of the Divinity. No prophet has risen to reform errors, and the changes that have taken place have been in manners rather than matter. Nevertheless the hatred and contempt of these sects, one for another, and the enmity between them and the orthodox Church is excessive. The Kovalev formed a sect, or cult, and their home became its center. Mde. Kovalev, who was a pious, hospitable woman, extending her away over the community.

The presiding genii, however, were a woman called Vitalie, and a young girl named Pauline. The personalities of these two females were greater than that of Mde. Kovalev, and were dominant forces in the preparation for the terrible event. Vitalie was full of courage and endurance; a woman of about thirty-five years of age. She prayed and fasted and lived the usual routine life within convent walls. Pauline, on the contrary, was cognizant of the doings of the outer world, of its intrigues, its religious persecutions, its daily horrors, and blood-curdling records in past history. She acted as a stimulus to her companion, and the combination was a powerful one. They began their work, which resulted so fatally, by talking of inquisitorial torments, of probable exile to Siberia, for all those who belonged to the new faith. For several months they continued to work upon the minds of the other members of the cult, who offered apparently little resistance to their morbid ideas. Vitalie enlarged from time to time upon the delights of the other world, where they would be able to found an order in peace; whilst Pauline depicted the hardship and gloom of life under the pressure of existing evils.

The result of this pessimistic force upon weak natures, minds filled with the horrors of Siberia and its cruelties, was an abandonment of all labor, and a constant dwelling of thought upon the evils of the future as forecast by their mentors. Many of them sold their possessions, spent long hours in devotional exercises, and made outward and inward preparations for death.

Vitalie, still their evil genius, as they debated ways and means of deliverance, proposed entombment, and at length persuaded her own sister to lead the first party to their grave. Feodor Kovalev and his brother Dmitri dug the graves, and entombed the four groups successively, twenty-five persons in all. Each little company marched to their death, clad in clinging shrouds, holding lighted tapers, and chanting a funeral dirge. Each person walked into their tomb, without a sign of resistance, so great was their dread of life and their belief in a happier world beyond. The first grave held the wife and two children of Feodor Kovalev, the sister of Vitalie, and the father of Pauline, together with four other people.

The announcement of a general census throughout Russian territory hastened the burial of the last group, containing Vitalie and Pauline, and the promise of Feodor to them that he would not long survive, was not carried out, as he was arrested shortly after their entombment.

Kovalev, although the chief agent in carrying out the hideous details of this collective suicide, was not certainly the instigator. Physicians and psychologists who have made a point of studying his characteristics, state that he seemed to have lost entirely all power of volition, and to have become paralyzed in energy and feeling, while under the influence of the greater mind of Vitalie. After a certain time he appeared to be aware of the awfulness of the tragedy, and his nature, hitherto callous, realized the primary feelings of remorse. Still, his beliefs as to the happiness and peacefulness of the world to the victims of fear and religious enthusiasm had departed were still retained, and he expected miracles would take place when their graves were opened. In all other cases of collective suicides on record in Russia the chief factors have taken no part in the calamity, and whether Vitalie went to her death for an eternal reward, or for fear of life as prime mover, one cannot discover from extant evidence.

The fact that is apparent to the thinking world is, that Kovalev, his co-religionists, and their awful fate, are

Unappreciative.  
Punch.



(The artist has brought in a number of paintings to be framed for the exhibition of the society).  
Picture framer—And I suppose something cheap will do to put around this thing? (And this thing is the artist's own production.)

the direct result of long ages of neglect of the insane, of persecutions of religious cults, and that the occurrence of so recent an event proves that there is still "something rotten in the state" of Russia.

MICMAC.

Toronto, Feb., '99.

## MR. COLE ENDORSES

The Report of His Cure of Rheumatism

By Dodd's Kidney Pills When Every Other Tried Remedy Had Failed—His Case was Exceptionally Severe but Quickly Yielded to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Windsor, March 6.—Mr. F. H. Cole, whose case was reported in the Canadian newspapers last week, was met by a friend on the street, a couple of evenings ago:

"Hello! Is this true that I have been reading about you being cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked his friend.

"Why, certainly it's true. Otherwise I should never have permitted it to be published," answered Mr. Cole. "And did Dodd's Kidney Pills really cure you, or was it your doctor's medicine?"

"I was taking no doctor's medicine. I wasn't using anything except Dodd's Kidney Pills. Therefore it could be nothing else but Dodd's Kidney Pills that cured me."

"Was it a mild case of Rheumatism?"

"Not by any means! It was, on the contrary, an exceptionally severe one. I suffered more than I can describe. I tried several of the remedies that were recommended as being 'sure to cure' me. But though one or two of them gave me a little temporary relief, none went anywhere near curing me."

"When a friend urged me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills I demurred. I believed they were no better than the other remedies I had used. However, I bought a box, and began to use them."

"I soon began to feel easier. My sleep came back; the terrible pains vanished, and four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made my cure complete and thorough. I cannot speak too highly of them, and I shall recommend every sufferer from Rheumatism to use them, knowing they will positively cure."

Sweet Young Thing—I wonder why he is called the best man—I mean the man at the wedding who is not getting married? Savage Bachelor—Because he is the best off.

Husband—For whom are you knitting those stockings? Wife—For a benevolent society. Husband—Do you know, you might send them my address. Perhaps they would send me a pair.

## The Claimants of the Purse.

Gregory Bridgum in Munsey's.

A WOMAN, walking along a road, found a new purse, filled with coins of gold and silver. She was delighted with the sheen of its silken web and with the luster of the golden clasps, but still more with the wealth which it contained, and which she felt was all her own. Freely she spent its contents, and only occasionally did she put back into the purse a penny or a silver piece. After a time the purse was nearly emptied, and in thrusting her fingers deep into the ends to reach the few coins that remained, she would tear the silk. One day she found that she had spent the last coin, and as she held the purse in her dainty hand, she saw that it was ragged and shabby and that the clasps were bent and tarnished. So she flung it into the dust before her and crushed it with her foot as she stepped hurriedly onward.

Another woman, walking in the same road, saw the purse. Dusty and worn and misshapen as it was, an unaccountable fancy led her to pick it up, and, in her imagination, she could see how precious and beautiful it must have been before it had been worn out and thrown away. So she took the purse home with her, and worked patiently upon it, straightening and burnishing the bent clasps and darning the rents in the silken web, matching the pattern so nicely that when she had finished one could scarcely see where it had been mended.

"It's as good as new," she said to herself; but still, she did not show it to her friends nor boast of it—as the first woman had done, when it was new—for fear some one might ask where the purse had been found or sneer at her for treasuring what had been cast into the dust of the highway. She put gold and silver into the empty purse, and though she spent from it freely, each day she put back a coin or two. After a time it seemed to her that the purse had grown heavier, and on counting the coins she was amazed to find that there were more than she had ever put into the purse. After this the purse was more precious to her than any new one that she might have bought, on account of the blessing that it seemed to bring with it.

When the second woman had first begun to carry the purse, she had hidden it in her hand, partly because she was ashamed of using what another had discarded, partly because she had thought that its first owner might again claim it. But now it had grown too full to be concealed, and she reasoned with herself:

"Why should I try to hide it from sight? True, it was not new when I found it, but I have made it bright and whole, and it is full of treasure; whereas, when I picked it from the dust it was empty. I need no longer be ashamed of it, and I have made it

## THE NAME

Represents the best value in tea—black or mixed. You cannot make a mistake by trying this popular blend.

Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

# LUDELA

CEYLON

## Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We are direct importers and sole agents for two of the leading English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co.

651-653 YONGE ST

# BOVRIL

A Safeguard in Cold Weather

BOVRIL unlike the artificial Stimulants so commonly resorted to **Rallies the System** up to a resisting point. It supplies a store of warmth from a store of strength. **It Nourishes the Blood** and makes Brain, Bone and Muscle. It is the surest **Safeguard Against Colds, Chills** and kindred ailments, and has proved invaluable in arresting incipient influenza.

mine." Moreover, she began to be proud of the wealth which it contained. One day the first woman saw the purse in her hand, and recognized it, and, seeing its condition and coveting its fulness, she cried out so that all who passed might hear:

"This woman is a thief; behold, even now she has the purse that belongs to me, and she spends from the treasure which it contains."

The second woman replied, astonished at the accusation:

"The purse is one that I found in the road where you had cast it aside. I have made it as good as new. Would you now claim it and take from me the patient work of my hands?"

But the crowd which had assembled jeered at the speaker and said: "Surely the purse belongs to the one who had the right to cast it away."

But the second woman was not satisfied, and asked:

"If, as you say, the purse is yours, tell us where you bought it, and what price you paid for it."

"I found it in the road, as you did," answered the other, "and, like yourself, I paid nothing for it, since there was no one to set a price, but it is mine, nevertheless, for I found it first."

All the people applauded and said: "This woman speaks truth, and beyond a doubt the purse is hers."

But still the second woman would not yield without another plea for the possession of that which had become a blessing to her life:

"I grant that the purse once belonged to you, but you used it, spent all that was in it, and when it was torn and tarnished and empty, you became tired of it and threw it away and trod it under foot: as you went forward. If I had not seen it the first wheel that passed would have ground it into the dust, and it would have been utterly worthless. Is it not rightfully mine since I have saved it from destruction and made it what it now is?"

Again the crowd scoffed at the speaker and said: "Truly, she is a thief and brazen in her iniquity, that she should steal that which belongs to another and refuse to give it up."

The first woman reached out her hand to take the purse, but once more the second woman held it back, saying: "If, as you claim, and as these people all agree, the purse belongs to you still, let me take from it once for all the treasure that I have put into it, for that surely is mine."

But the people were indignant, for they loved justice, and they shouted that the purse and all that it contained belonged to her who had first found it and had thrown it away empty. "Besides," said some of the wiser ones, "would you have us believe that one so poor as to pick up a discarded thing from the dust could have placed all this treasure in it?"

And the second woman knew not how to answer, for she herself had marvelled that the purse contained more than she had put into it, and she knew that the people could not be convinced that this wonder had been wrought by patience and love. So, very reluctantly, she yielded the purse, with all that it contained, into the hands of her who had first found it.

But, lo, as the latter seized it, and while all were gazing, it became empty of treasure and torn and tarnished and battered, even as it was when she had trampled upon it. The first woman

cried out in anger, and the people comforted her with their sympathy, for they loved justice, and they were indignant that the purse should not be possessed by its rightful owner beautiful and well filled with treasure as the other woman had caused it to be.

For the purse which had been cast aside when empty was the heart of the first woman's husband, and the treasure which it held was love.

## At News of Her Death.

Vessex Poems.  
NOT a line of her writing have I,  
Not a thread of her hair,  
No mark of her late time as dame of her dwelling,

whereby  
I may picture her there;  
And in vain do I urge my insight  
To conceive my lost prize  
At her close, whom I knew when her  
dreams were upbrimming with  
light,  
And with laughter her eyes.

What scenes spread around her last  
days,  
Sad, shining, or dim?  
Did her gifts and compassions enray  
and enrich her sweet ways  
With an aureate nimbus?

Of did life light decline from her  
years,  
And mischance control  
Her full day-star; uncase, or regret,  
or forebodings, or fears  
Disenoble her soul?

Thus I do but the phantom retain  
Of the maiden of yore  
As my relic; yet haply the best of her  
—fixed in my brain.

It may be the more  
That no line of her writing have I,  
Nor a thread of her hair,  
No mark of her late time as dame in  
her dwelling, whereby  
I may picture her there.

—Thomas Hardy.

## Brides Who Prefer Wet Weather.

A Breton bride rather likes to have a wet wedding; it is held to signify that all her tears are now shed, and that she will, therefore, have a happy married life. I know of no similar belief in the British Isles. The Erza of Simbirsk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep all they can, with the idea, it would seem, of getting the mourning of life over, so that only joy may remain. The Badagas of the Neelgherries attain the same end by sousing the bride with water; some Greek tribes have a similar belief in the virtue of a drenching bringing good fortune.—Church Gazette.

## Grand Trunk and West Shore

Toronto to New York.  
Thirty minutes quicker time. Leave Toronto 6 p.m., arrive New York 9.30 following morning. Ask Grand Trunk agents about it, or communicate with H. Parry, 308 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists and bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

# Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Has Merit: Reputation: Superiority

Constipation and Hemorrhoids

IT IS UNEXCELLED.

Beware of Substitutes!



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

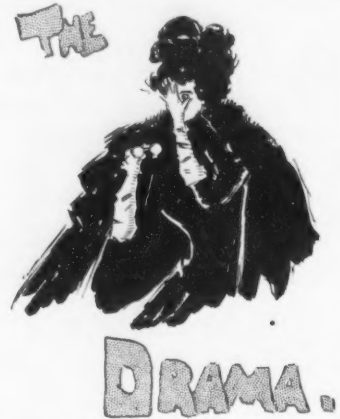
EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-colored, illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:  
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING  
Adelaide Street West - Toronto  
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONE {Business Office.....} No. 1769  
{Editorial Rooms.....}Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:  
One Year ..... \$3.00  
Six Months ..... 1.00  
Three Months ..... .50Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 21 TORONTO MARCH 11, 1899. [No. 17]



**THE**  
**DRAMA.**

THIS city has sometimes squirmed under the appellation "Toronto the Good" because it was more often than not applied in derision, and even when Toronto was seriously spoken of as The Good it generally happened that the one who so characterized it found some prejudice of his own favored here. Toronto is not nearly so good as the number of church spires would indicate, because a church may pierce the clouds with its spire and be mortgaged for all it is worth, and many people may even help to pay for a church, yet never really worship in it. Aside altogether from the pretentious claims that Toronto may have put up in the past, however, the people of this city are on the whole a clean minded community, as Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has found out. Mr. Ziegfeld, Jr., is the manager who "presents" The Turtle farce comedy in this and other cities with a company that appears to have been very hastily called together for this purpose. The Turtle played at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the present week and was greeted by very poor houses.



Such a production as this coming to Toronto once in five years will serve to keep alive forever that prejudice against the stage of which we complain at times—as when Willard is here, or Irving, or Mrs. Fiske, or Marlowe, or any one of twenty other stars who present wholesome plays. There are clergymen in this city who say that the stage is immoral, that it depraves and debauches; and I am forced to admit that for three nights of this week the stage of the Grand was devoted to a production that has nothing but immorality to recommend it, and that its whole tendency was to deprave and debauch. The disrobing scene in the second act, of which people speak, was not so very terrible, but the material of the whole production was absolutely indecent and unfit to be seen and heard. The disrobing scene was not



as flagrantly improper as those who remained away feared—nor as those who came, hoped. It was not evil in itself; if such a scene were required in a purposeful drama, it could be enacted without offence. The apologists for such plays as The Turtle says, "Evil be to him who evil thinks," but in this case nothing but evil could be thought by the spectators, since every word and action on the stage was meant to cause people to think of evil and the whole play existed for no other purpose. The daily newspapers in condemning the play after the first performance might well have dwelt more forcibly upon the fact that even the viciousness, which constituted the only recommendation of the production, was badly done. The farce-comedy, aside from all moral considerations, is a lame, weak thing, unable to stand alone. The company playing the

piece is a No. 2, or worse, and gave the thing, poor as it is, a weak presentation. This appeal to the puritist-minded was a failure in Toronto, but it drew more money than it was entitled to draw.

The consequence of this production at the Grand Opera House will be that for the balance of the season the heads of theater-going families will deem it necessary to send a scout to the theater ahead of the family whenever any new piece is announced, to see whether it is such an entertainment as one can safely attend in company with his wife and daughters. There can be no doubt that this feeling will be general and justifiable. Those of us who have found occasion for alarm in the Theatrical Trust are being justified by developments. This dominant force in the drama of this continent cares little for art and morals.

Don't you feel that you have been fooled cheaply when you get out into the fresh air after witnessing a play in which suffering has figured more prominently than human nature? I mean a melodrama wherein, if the hero is not harrowed up with grief caused by uncertainty of the heroine's affections or his own undeserved hard luck, the heroine is sure to be bullied by an intriguing old adventurer or is the object of the villain's odious affections. O, I know how it is. You sob convulsively if you are a girl or say bad words if you are a man. You begin to consider the world from a new point of view—it is a "disgustin', dreary dezzit" now and you decide that if Ettie or Dick flirts with somebody else at the dance to-night you will go off to Paris or pine away without a murmur. Your heart is apt to beat suffocatingly while the villain outlines his scheme to his confederate, the hero listening from behind a screen all the time, and you forget to ascertain the whereabouts of your rubber (having noticed that the man next you looks like the villain) in your eagerness to see the hero confront the wicked plotter. When the curtain has gone down on the last scene (hero and heroine bowing graciously) you find that your cheeks are burning, your head aches, your hands are cold and you don't want any supper. You only want an ice cream soda or a cigar.

No wonder the Pilgrim Fathers objected to the theater. Perhaps if they had seen Alabama at the Princess this week they would not have been so particular. Such gentlemanly, chivalrous characters as Col. Moberly and Squire Tucker might have turned the Pilgrim Fathers' heads—well, we don't care what the Pilgrim Fathers said, anyway. The play is about some property owned by a widow down in sleepy Alabama. A railroad is being built in the vicinity, which increases the value of this land to the extent that the widow's brother-in-law, in order to get hold of it, denies that the owner was married to his brother. As all the witnesses are supposed to be dead, till the last act, it remains for her friends to avenge the insult offered her. The enmity of the South for the North after the Civil War is made a cause for some complications which prevent the course of peace and affection for a while, but in the end nearly everybody gets engaged to be married and they all live happy ever after. The parts had been well allotted and the piece was prettily staged.

Stuart, the male Patti, is quite a curiosity at the Toronto Opera House this week, his make-up being so good as to deceive the ordinary observer and his voice being trained until it serves as a soprano. When he suddenly speaks in a gruff male voice, all who are not in the trick are greatly surprised. By using high-heeled slippers Stuart gives to his feet a dainty appearance, which suggests that in like manner big feet may often be made little and none the wiser. The male quartette, in singing The Lost Chord and other selections, is winning high favor, and altogether the show is drawing crowded houses and sending them away pleased.

A tall young man from the country drifted into the Toronto Opera House at the Tuesday matinee and probably extracted more genuine pleasure from the performance than all the other people in the theater put together. He shook with laughter, he crashed his palms together in massive applause and shouted "encore, encore," at every opening, just as he has been doing at the tea meetings in the school-house at home. To shout "encore" in a theater is of course unnecessary—a little applause answers the purpose—and this man with fresh emotions attracted so much notice that an usher found it necessary to speak to him, and finally to sit down behind him. Repressed in this way he fidgeted a bit, but gradually settled down to enjoy the show without voicing his delight. If some of those who have "seen it all" could but borrow a portion of that man's unskinned and untrained zest for the drama and the amusements of life, it would be worth untold money to them. But a man can't buy it with the wealth of the Indies.

Prof. O'Brien's lecture on Scientific Palmistry in Guild Hall on Thursday evening, March 10, should prove very interesting, so far as understanding the theory underlying this science—as its professors are not afraid to call it. There will be a concert programme in connection with the lecture.

When Frederick F. Schrader of the Washington Post adapted the famous German farce, Drei Paar Schuhe, for the purpose of Miss Fanny Rice as a starring comedienne, he evidently committed an unfortunate blunder in bestowing upon it the name of At the French Ball. The following extract from a Boston exchange brings out this point: "If you would enjoy three hours of the liveliest and heartiest kind of fun see Fanny Rice in her musical and farcical comedy, At the French Ball. Those who went to the New Writings last evening with the notion, pre-formed from the title of the work, that something vicious but entertaining would



FANNY RICE  
The bright comedy actress who appears at the Toronto Opera House next week.

be put on exhibition were egregiously mistaken. Never was a title suggestive of all sorts of indecencies, more misleading. The critic goes on to say that the play points an excellent moral. Miss Rice, although well known and popular throughout the United States, is a total stranger to local playgoers. She will be at the Toronto Opera House throughout next week.

Mr. Barnes of New York will be presented at the Princess Theater next week by the Cummings Stock Company. This play will prove a great treat to the patrons of the Princess. Miss Maud Edna Hall will make her appearance in this play. Miss Hall, in her second season on the stage, made quite a hit at the Grand in this city a few years ago as Niobe.

Roland Reed, a comedian well liked in Toronto, will come to the Grand Opera House the last three nights of next week, presenting a new play, His Father's Boy, by Sydney Rosenfeld, in which he plays an eccentric role. Miss Isadore Rush is again his leading lady.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week Mr. David Belasco's romantic drama, The Heart of Maryland, will make its first appearance in Toronto at the Grand Opera House. This play has been highly praised in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and at the Adelphi Theater, London.

## The Beauty of Love.

A Tribute from Mr. Dooley's Book.

"T" H' home inflorence is felt in Ivry walk iv life. Whin Corbett was poundin' th' first jintleman iv th' land like a man shinglin' a roof, th' first lady iv th' land stood in th' corner, cheerin' on th' bruised an' bleedin' hero. 'Darlin', she says, 'think iv yer home, me love. Think, she says, 'iv our little child larnin' his caddy-chin in Rahway, New Jersey,' she says. 'Think iv th' love I bear ye,' she says, 'an' paste him,' she says, 'in th' slats. Don't hit him on th' jaw,' she says. 'He's well thra ned there. But tuck ye'er lovin' hooks into his diseased an' achin' ribs,' she says. 'Ah, love!' she says, 'recall thim happy golden days iv our courtship, whin we walked th' country lane in th' light iv th' moon,' she says, 'an' hurl yer maules into his hoops,' she says. 'Hit him on th' slats!' An' Fitz looked over his shoulder an' seen her say, 'an' strange feelin' iv tenderness come over him; an' thinks he to himself, 'What is so good as th' love iv a pure woman? If I don't nail this large man, she'll prob'ly kick me in th' head.' An' with this sacred sentiment in his heart he wint over an' jolted Corbett wan over th' lathes that retired him to th' home fr decayed actors. 'Twas woman's love that done it, Hinnissy. I'll make a bet with ye that, if the first lady iv th' land had been in th' ring instead iv th' first jintleman, Corbett wudn't have lasted wan r-round. I'd like to have such a wife as that. I'd do the cookin', an'

lave th' fightin' to her. There ought to be more like her. Th' trouble with th' race we're bringin' up is that th' fair sect, as Shakespeare call thim, lacks in threst in thir jooty to thir husbands."

## How Lonely We Are.

From Thackeray's Pendenis.

HOW lonely we are in the world! how selfish and secret, everybody! You and your wife have pressed the same pillow for forty years and fancy yourselves united. Fsha, does she cry out when you have the gout, or do you lie awake when she has the tooth-ache? Your artle-s daughter, seemingly all innocence and devoted to her mamma and her piano lesson, is thinking of neither, but of the young Lieutenant with whom she danced at the last ball—the honest, frank boy just returned from school is secretly speculating upon the money you will give him, and the debts he owes the tart-man. The old grandmother crooning in the corner and bound to another world in a few months, has some business or cares which are quite private and her own—very likely she is thinking of fifty years back, and that night when she made such an impression, and danced a cotillion with the Captain before your father proposed for her; or, what a silly little over-rated creature your wife is, and how absurdly you are infatuated about her—and, as for your wife—O, philosophic reader, answer and say, Do you tell her all? Ah, sir,—a distinct universe walks about under your hat and under mine—all things in nature are different to each—the woman we look at has not the same features, the dish we eat from has not the same taste to the one and the other—you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us.

## He Spoke Too Soon.

The following story is told of Isaac Parker, famous as the terrible judge at Fort Smith, Ark., who probably sentenced more men to be executed than any other judge that ever lived. This was not, however, because he was so unrelentingly severe, but because he had the hardest and most numerous lot of criminals to deal with that ever came within the jurisdiction of such an official. One day when there was an unusually large batch of culprits to be sentenced the Judge looked compassionately over his spectacles at one young scamp and said: "In consideration of the youth and inexperience of this prisoner I shall let him off with a fine of \$50." Before the Judge had done speaking the very fresh young man coolly stretched his right leg and ran his hand into his trousers pocket on the side, remarking nonchalantly as he did so: "That's all hunky, Judge; I've got that much right here in my jeans." "And one year in the penitentiary," continued the Judge. Then, looking over at the convict in a quizzical sort of way, he added: "Do you happen to have that in your jeans?"



"Wot's the matter with Jimmie?"  
"Aw, he's goin' round with a bicycle face on, to make folks think he's got a wheel."—Scribner's.



## XII.

THE CLUBMAN.

IN a city rather overstocked with clubs the clubman is a frequently appearing figure in society. There are clubs and clubs, and according to the bent of his inclinations, according to his political convictions, or merely by his propensity does the clubman select his club. If he is a young man he does not join an old-fashioned club where the waiters are sedate and patronizing and the game is whist. If he is a Scottish Presbyterian, a dyed-in-the-wool Grit, he selects a club where the whiskey is irreproachable and curling is a game in esteem. Fancy wines and French kickshaws in the *entree* line don't hold his affections as do old Scotch and the honest dishes of the Land of Heather. He is generally a solid man, well fixed, fond of a story of some width, and genially happy to open a game or finish a horn in the company of his mates. He goes to church, and is apt to be an official with a business eye to the proper disposal of the funds and the credit of his kirk socially and financially. He is generally an honest, reliable man, and his influence in society is wholesome and desirable, for he is never a snob.

His antitype is the young man of great social ambitions and pretensions and very little sense or character. This clubman selects a sporty institution for his patronage, and has been known to be five years in arrears with his dues. He talks a good deal about his smart relatives and is happy for a decade if chance drops a man of title in his way, that he may put him up at the club to which he is so purely ornamental. Older members tire of the ambitious young man, but he has always his compeers, for he is by no means rare in society, where a man may exist for many moons without visible means of support and run not the slightest risk of being committed for vagrancy. He plays a rattling game, which is not whist, and turns many a dollar in the playing. He has no sense of the flight of time after eleven o'clock at night, and rarely confesses to a desire to turn in. He sometimes marries, fathers a numerous family, which his wife's dowry or people support, while he is still the clubman, older, more questionable, wrinkled and sharp-tongued, or he turns over a new leaf, makes of his misfit life some semblance of manhood, changes his club membership or gives up clubs altogether.

No sensible woman quarrels with her husband over his club. He may not particularly care for it, but as soon as madam abuses it he champions it with ardor. Men do not quarrel in clubs. The others won't have it. If there is an out-and-out row one member must resign. That has been done again and again, and generally the man least worthy stays in. In political clubs all issues are supposed to stand alike on burning topics. That is the *raison d'être* of that sort of club, that men may assemble to strengthen and encourage each other in divers species of bigotry. A single man who lives at a comfortable club is one of society's free lances. It is hard to put him in double harness. When the question of matrimony is introduced to his inner consideration his first thought is that it stands between him and his club. Why women should harbor in their gentle breasts an undying dislike to and suspicion of the Club is one of the many mysteries that puzzle man in his study of femininity. He knows its security, its masculinity, its decent rules and regulations, its peace and comfort, its reserve and restfulness, and the more he tells her of it all the less she is likely to believe. This is an almost universal trait in women.

The clubman is popularly supposed to be a gossip. The supposition is as true as that every woman's sewing circle occupies its spare moments in reading the reputation of non-members or absentees. No woman would dare it, and though men have the greater courage, their valor doesn't run to scandal. There are men as well as women who love the innuendo, the slightest story, the open shame of their fellows, but not more than a fair percentage of them belong to clubs or Dorcas societies. They would be scandal-mongers anywhere. True, many a bad and vicious tale is told by some clubmen, but it is heard even more eagerly in the boudoir than it was in the club.

The clubman demands something worth while when he gives up his cozy dinner, his peaceful smoke and his quiet rubber, to trot after his female rulers to the banquet or the dance. He doesn't always get it; consequently he relieves his injured feelings by a jibe, or tries to live a dull party with a story, and unthinking persons call him bad-tempered or careless of the majority of the ten commandments. When he is on his native heath, and the banquet is fractionally his own, the club echoes with laughter at the story and groans assent to the jibe against outer tyrannies.

A confirmed clubman accumulates a medley of fixed notions, small wants, strange prejudices and sharp comments which mark him in any company. No one can so justly pronounce a verdict upon a new comer, and from no verdict is it so hard to appeal. The veteran clubman is an oracle on form in certain masculine matters. What a man may or may not do is without contravention. Things which to the crude, unwatching, hasty world outside seem of small matter are added to the creed of the clubman and become a portion of himself. If a greenhorn sins in ignoring some small item of the clubman's faith he is figuratively cast into outer darkness. If he won't go, and if many like him are gathered in, the old clubman uses gentle oaths *sotto voce* and goes his way, and the club sees him no more. Perhaps he marries the rich widow and hangs up his hat where his peculiarities will never be questioned. He has been known to

risk a youthful partner, and his disaster has simply depended on his chivalry. The bigger bully has speedily assumed the box seat.

The clubman learns several useful lessons in his club. He learns to let other men alone, and to live alone himself. A fussy, officious clubman, who talks overmuch, and insists upon sociability, is soon given the cold shoulder by a pitiless lot of fellows. He must be very compelling and very important and influential if he escapes the resentment of the whole institution. This decent reserve gives him distinction, repose and dignity in society, and respect is his just due. A young wife exclaimed recently, "Have you not a membership in any club, my dear? How unfortunate! You don't half enjoy life!" Her father and brothers were pronounced clubmen, and it seemed to her quite a catastrophe that her husband had missed this good thing! Many a man of yielding will, poor self-esteem or uncertain character has drawn positive force and inspiration from a membership in a good club, and almost the first terrified thought of the discovered evil-doer is "What will they say at the club?" The final undoing of a bad man is his club's condemnation, though, except in certain sins known to the members as unpardonable, the club lets his life severely alone. Clubs are apparently beneficial and grateful institutions or the membership would never have become such a stepping-stone to the social, financial and political advancement of the clubman.

## A Poor Unfortunate.

Atlanta Constitution.  
His horse went dead an' his mule went lame;  
He lost six cows in a poker game;  
A hurricane came on a summer's day,  
An' carried the house wher he lived away;  
Then a earthquake come when that was gone,  
An' swallowed the land that the house stood on.

An' the tax collector, he come 'round  
An' charged him up fer the hole in the ground!  
An' the city marshal—he came in view,  
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!  
Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry  
An' curse the hurricane sweepin' by?  
Did he grieve that his ole friends failed to call  
When the earthquake come an' swallowed all?  
Never a word of blame he said,  
With all them troubles on top his head!  
Not him! . . . He climbed to the top of the hill—  
Whar standin' room wuz left him still,  
An' barin' his head, here's what he said:  
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git;  
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yet!"

FRANK L. STANTON.

## General Miles and the Recruit.

GENERAL MILES is, it is said, a hard man to approach, and his official position as the head of the United States army naturally commands respect from those who come in contact with him. A day after the general landed in Porto Rico one of his orderlies was taken sick with fever and had to go to the hospital. A new man was called for and a private from a Western regiment was detailed to take the place. The recruit who showed up at headquarters came from somewhere up on the Great Lakes, and belonged to one of the Wisconsin volunteer regiments. Anyhow, to state it mildly, he was the greenest and most self-important recruit in the army. Along with his early schooling he must have read the clause in the Declaration of Independence that runs to the effect that all men are free and equal, and he bore himself accordingly.

The morning after he was detailed General Miles was holding a consultation at headquarters with some of the big officers of his command. The general called for an orderly to run an important errand, and the gentleman from Wisconsin sauntered in, made a pass at his hat with his left hand for a salute and ejaculated:

"Well, Miles, what is it?"  
If the Spaniards had dropped a shell in their midst it would have hardly surprised them more. At first General Miles' face grew black as thunder, and then his scowl changed into a quizzical smile.

"Don't call me Miles. Call me Neise. Miles is so formal, you know."

The gentleman from Wisconsin had meanwhile realized from the expressions on the faces what he had done, and with General Miles' answer became the most confused man imaginable. Some one else ran his errand, a regular possibly, and the hero of this story was never seen at headquarters again.

## Kinsmen Strong.

Dr. C. G. D. Roberts' view of the mission of Anglo Saxondom has much in common with Mr. Kipling's gospel as set forth in The White Man's Burden; for his poem, Kinsmen Strong, to which the place of honor is given in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for March—

The song  
Of kinsmen strong  
Standing at guard  
In the gates of earth,  
Does more than "proclaim the pride" of  
kindred birth. It warns all of alien blood  
to take note of the "marching cheer of  
the lords of the world, the strength of  
whose hand is to be felt on every land":  
Till the master work  
Of the world be done;  
For the slave's release,  
For the bond of peace,  
That wars may cease  
From under the sun.

We may now wait with perfect assurance for news that a hundred imitators of Kipling in prose and verse have been stricken down with pneumonia.

"Should one refer to a bicycle as 'him,' 'her,' or 'it'?" "Her, of course." "But why do you make it feminine?" "Because one soon discovers that the fixings cost more than the framework."—*Chicago Post*.

"I suppose you laid the foundation for your success by taking time by the forelock?" "No," answered the politician; "it was by taking the legislature by the dead-lock."—*Washington Star*.





J. F. Kirkland. A. Oakley. J. Simpson.  
After the Battle.



A Half-Hour's Catch.



The Old Dufferin Coach.  
At the door of Seventy Mile House, Cariboo Road, B.C.

### Sport on the Cariboo Road.

WAY up in the hills of British Columbia there are mines where small groups of men, employing the powerful devices of science, work tremendous havoc upon the rocks, extracting gold and other minerals. Gold, however, is the chief mineral sought and the chief reward secured. Individual miners still work in small bands and use crude methods, but a great change has come over mining operations since the advent of Companies, backed by capital and expensive modern appliances. Where the individual miner diverts a small flow of water through a wooden trough, the company uses hydraulic giants which hurl a stream of water that would tear down a brick house. In this way a small group of miners can force operations along at a tremendous rate.

The companies have not only changed the work of mining but have made mining life tolerably comfortable, and the men who actually work no longer encounter the hardships that were once inseparable from mining in regions remote from civilization. Excellent sleeping quarters are provided; there is food in plenty, cooked well as a rule and served in a pleasant dining-room equipped with necessary table ware. As managers, superintendents, engineers, clerks, bullion guards, etc., are young men who a year or two ago moved in the hum-drum life of the East and had no thought of ever engaging in mining in remote crevices of the hills of British Columbia.

It is impossible to so isolate a young man from Ontario, to so depress him with overhanging mountains, or to so pen him in with chasms and precipices or new and strange business duties, that he will not find time and materials for a little fun. I have just heard the story of a young man from Toronto who spent last season in the office of a gold mining company high up on the Cariboo Road, and gazing daily far below him to Quesnelle Forks conceived the idea that the winding trail down would make an excellent bit of coasting on a bicycle. On enquiry he learned of the existence of a wheel-kept as a relic, not for use—and managed one day to borrow it. He coasted down to Quesnelle Forks, a distance of five miles, having to touch his pedals only twice on the run. To get back was the difficulty that now confronted him. To ride the wheel back was impossible; to shove it up that long twisting incline meant a deal of hard labor. While in this perplexity he saw a doctor on horseback starting up the road, and called to him. They discussed the difficulty and in the end the doctor offered to tow the wheelman up the hill—which any medical practitioner in the East would have considered fatal to his dignity. Tying a rope securely around his saddle the doctor threw the other end to the wheelman, who wound the end around the head of his wheel and mounted. Thus the horse towed the wheel for five miles up the mountain road; the wheelman holding the rope in place, and not tying it, so that he would be free to let it slip should the horse make a plunge in a dangerous place. The journey was made without the slightest mishap.

The three interesting photographs which are here made use of were kindly loaned us by Mr. A. Oakley, accountant of the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mine, near Quesnelle Forks, B.C., of which Mr. J. B. Hobson, also of Toronto, is manager. Mr. Oakley is well known in Toronto. Being an enthusiastic amateur photographer he gets some fine views in the mountains.

The Old Dufferin Coach, as shown in the picture, is standing at the door of Seventy Mile House on the Cariboo Road, and is just about to resume its journey. By the door of the coach, and just about to enter it, is the guard armed with a rifle, for the coach, in this instance, carries some precious metal from the mines. This is the coach that was specially made to carry Lord and Lady Dufferin over the old Cariboo Road during their tour of British Columbia, when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada. It is rather antiquated and worn, but is still used on very special occasions to carry distinguished passengers over the stage course from Ashcroft to One Hundred and Fifty Mile House. The old residents hold it in regard and veneration because of faded grandeur and historic associations.

"After the Battle" shows what happened to a bear that Messrs. Oakley, Kirkland and Simpson went after. J. F. Kirkland is another Torontonian, now stenographer at the Cariboo mine, and formerly with the North American Life Company in Toronto. The weapon he holds is one of the rifles used by the bullion guards—it is an old army rifle with part of the barrel cut off, so that its contents will scatter. Charged with buckshot it is a formidable weapon,

although for bear hunting the other two are better armed. The other picture represents a salmon catch made by Mr. Kirkland in half an hour of actual fishing. He assures us personally that there is no trick in the photograph and no mistake in the time, but that the man who loves fishing might well walk to British Columbia for the sport that there abounds.

### Shadows.

Shadows o'er life's long day:  
Darker, and darker still;  
From the morn, with its childhood's carelessness  
To the night so dark and chill.

Shadows in boyhood's hour,  
When life is fair and free,  
Like the shade and the gloom of an April  
As it sweeps o'er the fresh green tree.

Shadows o'er youth's bright life,  
False loves and vain desire;  
And the foolish hopes, and the empty strife,  
When the soul could still aspire.

Shadows o'er manhood's prime—  
Craft and ambition's art;  
And the faithless so I, and the wa-ted time,  
And the chill and the hardened heart.

Shadows of dreary age—  
The dulled and falling mind,  
When love lies dead, and life's last page  
Is blotted and undefined.

Shadows of awful death,  
Gloomy and dark and drear,  
With a hope for some of their latest breath,  
And for some a doubt and a fear.  
Picton, March, '99. REGINALD GOURLAY.

### The World Recedes.

"It's better to have loved and lost than never  
to have loved at all."  
—Tennyson in "Memoriam."  
"Not always!" commentator.

THERE was something beautiful and touching even in the decay of the old Canadian mansion. Standing almost on the verge of a beautiful wooded ridge, it overlooked the busy third-rate manufacturing city in the valley below, which it had seen grow from the usual cluster of huts around a blacksmith shop and a country tavern to its present condition of ugly and vulgar prosperity. There was little in common between the old, thick-walled venerable house and the showy, flimsy residence of the successful pork-packer, grocer and tobaccoist, which pained the eye with their fine new decorations and vaudeville bric-a-brac as each stood "pricking a cockney ear" amid its new and crumbly planarations on the slopes below the height where the old house stood. That house, since it was built, the home of officers and gentlemen of wealth and hospitality, looked now in its crumbling but beautiful age like the effigy of some old crusader on his tomb, surrounded by a pushing mob of Cook's tourists. Of all the youth and strength and life that had once filled its walls there was but one inmate left in whose time, and partly through whose means, had come on the mysterious decay, which had of late so rapidly fallen on what was once deemed assured wealth and firm position in the land. An old lady—past eighty—she dwelt in the great lonely house alone, save for one female servant and the gardener who took a sort of care of the still beautiful though neglected grounds and gardens. She had loved wealth, and social position, and power, or such miserable mocking of power as a woman, even though rich, can have, and the world that she had given so much to was beginning to recede. Thackeray once said with awful truth, while describing the sick bed of a worldly old woman, whose wealth was great and whose life had been most prosperous: "Picture to yourself, oh fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to love and pray!"

But this old lady was not the selfish, clever, marble-hearted worldling pictured by Thackeray. Her error was that she had loved the world as many do, that she had believed in expediency instead of duty, and the world had robbed her and left her like something of as little account as a last year's leaf. False friends, flatterers, deferential cheating lawyers, interested relatives, all were gone; and she was alone in the old house, so redolent of dead happy years, so full at times of faces whose lips had long been stilled on earth.

She had children too, alas! and for one, the youngest, she had sacrificed and erred much. And she, the daughter, who had, as long as there was wealth to gain or a worldly advantage to extract from her mother, paraded everywhere her ostentatious filial affection, was now the cruellest and most ungrateful of all—one who excused the last atom of her pound of flesh, stripping her parent of one possession after another in her old age, as the cunningly devised papers and deeds which

the craft of cunning lawyers and dishonest trustees, and the mother's foolish credulity had induced her to execute in the past days of love and affection, enabled her to do.

The old lady had a son too—in his way, (though a very different one), as hard to her almost as his sister. It was on the income derived from property settled on him, which he had given up to her, that she mainly lived now; but there was variance between them, partly his fault, partly hers, and he dwelt far away, and she heard little of him.

One dark autumn afternoon in late November she came slowly down the great stone steps of her home and turned up a moss-grown, winding walk, which led into dark shrubberies, now dank with autumnal damps, and from whose skeleton-like branches the last sodden leaves spun ever and anon slowly to her feet. And as with the halting step of age, with bent head, and that pathetic look of dazed loneliness which one sees, alas! so often in the old, she moved along, the ways of God and man seemed too hard for her. She held in her hand a letter from her only daughter. In the past, when she was wealthy and powerful, her daughter wrote to "dearest mother," and ended with "fondest love." This letter was somewhat different.

"Dear mother," it said, "my proposal is this, and I won't hear of anything else: I to take the stores on Front street absolutely at once, and the houses on Jane and Owen streets. I to take also the Mutual Bank stock and the stock of the Credit Bank. Now that Henry is in politics we want and must have the rest of our own property. You must get on with John's settlement. You settled all this property on me, and with Henry so embarrassed and my large young family I must have it, and no more delay and nonsense."

Henry was her daughter's husband, a shallow, selfish, facing-both-ways politician, a protégé and favorite of that ominous "machine," which in the cities is beginning to be the bane and curse of good government both in Canada and in the United States.

Henry had ordered his wife, whose slavish subservience to him was the one piece of color and motive of her stunted, aimless life, "to push the old woman for all she was worth," and this illal and loving message was the consequence.

Not having a cent of his own, and the elections being at hand, Henry was naturally desirous to realize on his wife's property. Political principles, as too often practiced in America, permit one readily to ignore past benefits, and even if necessary, to destroy the benefactor. When a rival politician had compared him the night before to a cannibal "because he lived on his wife and mother-in-law," he had merely smiled his habitual somewhat oily smile. These little unpleasant taunts were merely unavoidable disagreements in the path of a "canny Scot" who was getting on in the world.

Meanwhile the poor old lady, with her dazed, helpless look, crept slowly along. Since she had got the letter she had made a pathetic attempt to soften her daughter. She had gone to the big, ostentatious, untidy house where she dwelt, and announced her willingness to submit. But surely she might have a little, she pleaded. It was not for long! and would not her daughter come over to the old home to-night—it was not far—and talk with her old mother kindly as she used to do before she married? To day was her birthday. Had she forgotten? Let her come this evening, and she would do what she could—would give up what she could, only let them be better friends! And now she was waiting till her daughter came.

There was a step behind her on the mossy walk. Her old servant came up, holding out a letter.

"Mrs. Deadsole's man-servant left this letter for you, ma'am, as he passed, driving up from town," she said. She gave

the letter and turned back to the house. Her mistress opened it and read. Her daughter had written this:

"DEAR MOTHER—I did mean to come over to-night, but Henry has brought a lot of men up from town. Influential men, he says, who will be of great use to him in the election. So, of course, I can't come. Besides, talking over matters of business together is no good. The houses and stock were settled on me when I married, and I've been out of them long enough. I can't afford to be soft like John. Henry says if the transfers are not made in three days he will put the matter in the hands of his lawyers."

"Your affectionate daughter,  
"EDITH DEADSOLE."

As the poor old lady went slowly back to her desolate home, she wept the difficult, agonizing tears of helpless and hopeless old age.

REGINALD GOURLAY.  
Picton, Ont., Mar., '99.

### A Side Glimpse at the Ways of the World.

SAUCY YOUNG LADY (to herself, as she saunters about in the crowded street car holding on to a strap):  
What a terrific, come-here-and-get-your-ears-boxed look that man has.

He glowers at his paper as fiercely as though he suspected me of base designs on the section of car that he is entitled to because he paid for it. He seems to think I am a usurper of man's rights because I have long eye-lashes and a nice complexion. I know he feels that he is expected to get up and give me his seat, but he will fight the feeling till some supercilious old frump plants herself in front of him and looks out the window over his head with a far-away gaze—ah! didn't I say so? and she has a lorgnette dangling by a chain, and a lace jabot pinned on her collar with a diamond brooch. She is a little more aggressive than he is, just a little. (Saucy Young Lady giggles to herself as she catches Aggressive Young Man's Eye.)

Enter Good-Looking Woman, a trifle stout, but thoroughly at home in the role she proceeds to play. Addressing Saucy Young Lady she says nonchalantly: How do you do, my dear. You are looking very well—music coming on all right? Yes!—oh, thank you! (Fat-nosed man has given up his seat to her. Good-Looking Woman subsides into reverie.)

SAUCY YOUNG LADY (to herself)—So artless, you know. One would almost remark that you were oblivious to the fact that no one offered you a seat immediately on your entrance. You talked to me so nicely and refrained from shifting your eyes around so heroically. A girl acted that way to me at a dance once, when I was quite young. She was in pale blue satin, décolletée and good looking, and I had no curls, no satin gown and no acquaintances. She waited, talking to me, till her partners came up. I was independent enough to refuse to be introduced to them, and the people I got to know that evening fairly made her green with envy, which, of course, didn't match her dress. My back aches hanging on to this strap affair. I am so short. But then I wouldn't for the world lurch up against the Hold-your-Tongue-or-I'll-Slap-you Young Man. Oh, just look at that girl with the big, soulful eyes bulging the Aesthetic Young Man in the corner! He is trying his level best to get out of the seat with Adonis-like ease, so as to make no inharmonious impression on her sensitive ideals. I'll wager she looks abused like that when her parents go to give her sister a new dress, and then she gets it, provided she thinks it's nicer than her own. I know lots of girls like that. They always flirt worse than girls with ordinary eyes and they refer in sarcastic asides to other girls' dresses. I believe she is the girl who pretended that I was so clever that she felt uncomfortable in my presence, before I arrived on the scene

of Mrs. Whitten's soiree, and hardly anybody went near me the whole evening. People don't know a clever person when they see one, so they take other people's word for it and a poor stupid little wretch like I was suffers the penalty of wit and superiority. If my back-ache would only show in my eyes! I feel as though I didn't look respectable or well-dressed when nobody pays any attention to me. I really don't want to be selfish and make some tired-out man stand suspended from a strap, but—there is the Sporty Man and the Man of the World down there. I know why they won't budge. They were in the same car yesterday as I was, and a poor hayseedy-looking woman carrying a Gladstone bag edged her way in, looking about wearily for a seat, but seeing none vacant she resigned herself to a strap, having evidently experienced very little chivalrous treatment as far as she had gone. I was cross with the half-dozen men who looked stolidly at their papers, until some well-gowned woman came in—then they would all be gallant, I knew. I got up and gave the stupid looking old frump my seat, and when I looked around there were three or four vacancies to choose from. I couldn't help grinning cynically, and made enemies, no doubt. Men hate to have their self-esteem tampered with by a girl. It was fun though. I know what the anarchistic Look-out-or-I'll-Hurt-You Young Man is thinking about now. I saw him eying me a minute ago. This is it: "Those damned girls—they are so conceited. Now, for instance, that cross-eyed little mix with the long eyelashes and velvet hat, she got on this car with an idea that she was irresistible, no doubt. I am glad she is undergoing a little healthy disillusionizing. It won't hurt her to stand; she looks as healthy as anyone else in the car. Oh, a trolley is a great place to find one's level, you bet. I really am not late for supper. I'll really have to call Mrs. Hicks down if the trolley is cold. Oh, I hate cold meals. What confounded weather this is, anyway. Canada is a perfect hole to live in. I'll be dead glad to get away!" He looks as though he was thinking that way mostly all the time. Thank goodness the crowd is getting thinned out, and I can sit down and not even have to think of anything to keep me from crying. JI.

### A Dinner in the Moon.

Cyrano de Bergerac, the hero of M. Rostand's play, was an author as well as a duellist, and it is said that our own English satirist, Swift, owes not a little of the success of Gulliver's Travels to the inspiration he derived from reading A Comic History of the States and Empires of the Sun and the Moon by Cyrano de Bergerac, from which the following translation has been made for SATURDAY NIGHT by J. M. F.

AS it was dinner time they came for us and I followed my guide into a magnificently furnished room, where, however, I saw no preparations for dinner. Such a want of food, when I was dying of hunger, caused me to ask him where they had set the table. I did not hear what he answered, for three or four youths, sons of the host, came up to me at this moment, and with much politeness, undressed me with the exception of an undergarment. This strange ceremony astonished me so much that I did not even venture to ask my handsome valets the reason of it, when my guide asked me what I would have first. I had hardly uttered the single word, "Soup," when I became conscious of the odor of the most succulent stew that ever tickled the nose of an epicurean. I was about to rise from my seat to look for the source of that agreeable smell, but my guide prevented me.

"Where do you wish to go?" said he. "We shall take a walk in a short time but at present it's the dinner-hour; finish your soup, and then we'll send for something else."

"But where is this soup?" I answered almost angrily. "Have you set out with the intention of making fun of me the whole day?"

"I thought," he replied, "that you had seen in the city from which we have just come your master or some one else take his meal; that is why I have not told you the manner in which we nourish ourselves here. Since you are still ignorant of it, know then, that here we live on nothing but vapor. The art of cooking is to inclose, in vessels made expressly for the purpose, the steam which rises from meat on cooking it; and when different kinds have been collected and of different flavors, according to the appetite of those who are to be served, the vessel in which this odor is collected is opened, others are uncovered, one after the other, and so on until the appetite of the company is appeased. Unless you have already lived in this way, you would never believe that the nose, without the assistance of teeth and other organs, performs, to nourish man, the office of the mouth; but I want you to see by experience."

He had no sooner finished than I perceived entering the room, one after another, so many agreeable odors, and so nourishing that in less than half an hour I felt entirely satisfied.

When we had risen, "This is not," said he, "a matter that should cause much astonishment, for you cannot have lived so long without having observed that in your world cooks, butchers and grocersmen, who eat less than persons of another calling, are, nevertheless, much fleshier. From what, in your opinion, proceeds their corpulence if it is not from the vapors with which they are constantly surrounded, and which enter their body and nourish them? So persons in this world enjoy a less interrupted and more vigorous state of health, because their nourishment engenders hardly any disorders, which are the origin of almost all diseases. You were, perhaps, surprised, when before the meal you were undressed, because that custom is not in vogue in your country; but it is the custom in this, in order that our bodies might be more susceptible to the vapors."

"Sir," I replied, "what you say is very probable, and I have just experienced it somewhat; but I shall confess to you that not being able to spiritualize myself so quickly I would be very glad to feel something palpable between my teeth."

He promised that I should be served as I wished the next day. "For," said he, "to eat so soon after a meal would result in indigestion." We argued a little while longer and then we went upstairs to bed.

A man at the head of the stair-case came to meet us, and having looked at us attentively led me into a chamber, the floor of which was covered with orange blossoms to the height of three feet; seeing that I appeared astonished at such magnificence, he told that such beds were quite customary in that country. At last we went to bed, each of us in a separate apartment, and as soon as I was stretched on the flowers I perceived, by the light of about thirty immense fire-lights enclosed in a glass jar, (for there they don't use candles), the youths who had undressed me at supper-time, one of whom began to rub my feet, another my back, another my arms, and all so soothingly and delicately that in less than a moment I felt myself dozing.

The next morning I saw my guide enter as soon as the sun had risen.

"I want to keep my word with you," said he; "you will dine to-day more substantially than you did yesterday."

At these words I rose and he led me by the hand behind the garden of the house, where one of the children of my host was waiting for us with a gun, which in appearance was almost like our muskets. He asked my guide if I wanted a dozen larks, and hardly had the hunter discharged his gun when twenty or thirty larks fell ready roamed at our feet.

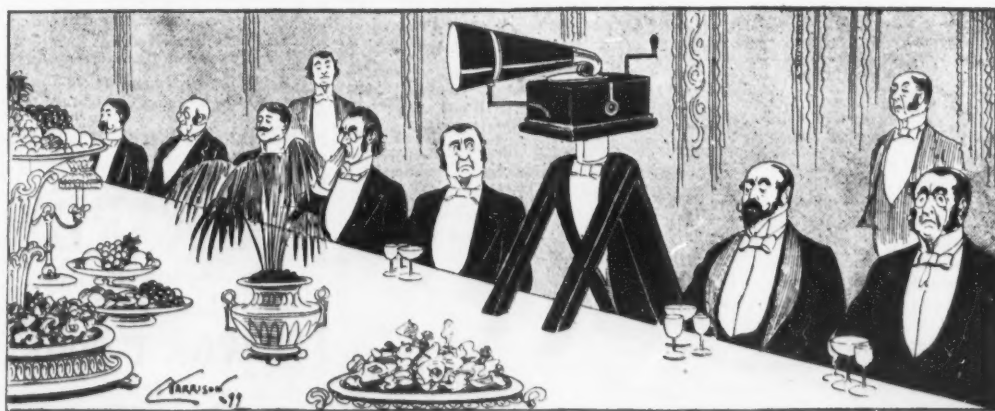
"You can commence to eat," said my guide. He explained how they had the art of mixing with their powder and lead a certain composition which kills, plucks, roasts and seasons the game.

After dinner we prepared to take our departure; and with a thousand smiles and bows, my host received from my guide a slip of paper. I asked him if it were a note for the amount of our bill. He answered "No!" That he owed him nothing and that they were verses.

"What, verses?" I replied. "Can it be that hotelkeepers here are connoisseurs of poetry?"

"That is the money of the country," said he, "and the expenses we have just made here have amounted to a stanza of six lines which I have just given him. I had no fear of running short of funds, for even if we should banquet here for a week, we could not spend a sonnet, and I have four of them about me, with two epigrams, two odes and an eclogue."

"Would to God," said I, "that it were the same in our world! I know many honest poets there who are dying of hunger and who would live royally if inn-keepers were paid in that money."



Why not a Phonographic After Dinner Speech Machine? Celebrities could be represented at any number of Banquets—Punch.



**STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.**

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**  
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen  
Lahn, March 21; Kaiser Friedrich, March 28;  
Trave, April 4; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, April 11;  
Lahn, April 18; Kaiser Friedrich, April 25;  
Trave, May 2.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest  
ship in the world.  
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to  
\$60.  
New York—Southampton—Bremen  
Darmstadt, Mar. 16; Frieder Grosse, Mar. 30  
Bremen, Mar. 23; H. H. Meier, Apr. 6.

**MEDITERRANEAN** GIBRALTAR ENOA  
Alder, March 18; Kaiser Wm. II., March 28;  
Rms, April 1; Saale, April 15; Alder, April 22.

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
79 Yonge Street, Toronto

**AMERICAN LINE**  
Fast Express Service  
New York—Southampton—London  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
St. Paul, March 15; St. Louis, March 22;  
St. Paul, March 29; St. Louis, April 5;  
New York, March 22; New York, April 5.

**RED STAR LINE**  
New York—Antwerp—Paris  
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.  
Westernland, March 15; Noordland, March 29;  
Kensington, March 22; Friesland, April 5.  
These steamers carry only second and third-  
class passengers at low rates.  
International Navigation Company, Piers  
14 and 15 N. E., Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.  
Barlow Cumberland, 79 Yonge St., Toronto.

**Passages to England**  
Express and moderate rate ships to South  
of England and through the English Channel.  
Apply for sailings and rates to  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
Steamship Agent, 79 Yonge Street, Toronto

**STEAMSHIP and  
TOURIST TICKETS**  
Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.  
**R. M. MELVILLE**  
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.  
Telephone 2010

**Anecdotal.**  
Daniel Webster said the most inspir-  
ing words ever spoken to him were  
said by a farmer after his greatest  
speech:—"You never did your best  
yet."

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anec-  
dotes is the story of a barber who  
he once patronized. This tonsorial ar-  
tist did not fail to recognize his patron,  
for the latter, on passing the shop a  
few days later, was gratified to observe  
a placard in the window bearing this  
inscription:—"Hair cut, 3d. With the  
same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's  
hair, 6d."

Many stories are told of a former  
Canadian bishop who had passed his  
youth in Scotland, but flattered himself  
that not a hint of his origin could be  
gained from his speech or manner.  
One day he met a Scotchman to whom  
he said at last abruptly, "How long  
has ye been here?" "About six years,"  
was the reply. "Hoot, mon!" said  
the bishop sharply. "Why has ye na  
lost your accent, like myself?"

The late Rev. John Hall told a story  
of a visit he made to a humble par-  
ishioner to comfort him some little  
under heavy trouble which had befall-  
en. The preacher found the homely  
old man in his desolate cottage, alone.  
He said many things, and added that  
we must try to take all affliction hum-  
bly, as appointed to us by Providence.  
"Yes," said the good old man, who  
was imperfectly instructed in theology,  
"that's right enough, that is; but,  
somehow that there Old Providence  
have bin again me all along, but I  
reckon as there's One Above as'll put  
a stopper on he if he go too far."

The lesson was from the Prodigal  
Son, and the Sunday school teacher  
was dwelling on the character of the  
elder brother. "But amidst all the  
rejoicing," he said, "there was one  
to whom the preparation of the feast  
brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's  
return gave no pleasure, and only  
bitterness; one who did not approve  
of the feast being held, and who had  
no wish to attend it. Now can any  
of you tell me who this was?" There  
was a breathless silence, followed by  
a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and  
then from a dozen sympathetic little  
geniuses came the chorus: "Please,  
sir, it was the fattest calf!"

Many droll stories are told of the  
Oriental's ideas of warfare. Chinese  
cavalrymen came riding to the charge  
with fans and perfume bottles, while  
a servant brought up the rear with a  
Winchester rifle. In "Korean Sketches,"  
Mr. Gale tells a characteristic anec-  
dote. Most of those who after the  
battle came to the dispensary in Muk-  
den for treatment were wounded in  
the back. "How is it that sons of the  
gods are wounded in their after-  
parts only?" asked the foreigner. "It  
looks as if they had run from the bar-  
barians." "We advanced all right,"

**Social  
Stationery  
Requirements**

A very particular depart-  
ment of "The Bookshop"  
is that of staple and special  
stationery for social  
purposes—

Fine Writing Paper,  
Invitations,  
Visiting Cards, etc., etc.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
"The Bookshop,"  
No. 8 King Street West.

said the Chinaman, "according to  
military methods. Then we put on  
fierce faces, like Che-kai-yang, the god  
of war, certain that the Wo-jen would  
run, as they would have done if they  
had not been hopeless savages, unac-  
quainted with Chinese characters. We  
rushed on them, breathing forth fire,  
but they moved not. Then our gen-  
eral shouted 'Victory,' for we had  
paralyzed them with our boldness.  
But suddenly a long row of guns was  
raised like one arm, and, immortal  
gods, such a dastardly way to fight I  
never saw! I know not why we were  
wounded in the back."

### Telephone Talk.

**A Dream that often Comes True.**  
VERY new invention brings  
additional comfort and addi-  
tional penalties. The tele-  
phone has opened up a whole  
new book of human nature.  
You have only to remark the  
way a man uses his telephone to find  
out about half the mysteries of his be-  
ing. There are men who use it so  
often that they cease to treat it as if  
it were a malicious sentient thing.  
That sort of man speaks into it in an  
even tone, the tone he uses in dictat-  
ing to his typewriter. But the general  
run of man has his soul in arms at  
the smallest provocation on the part  
of the invention. The regulation pro-  
hibiting the use of bad language  
through the telephone makes me laugh  
every time I see it. The telephone  
has been the provocative of more stiff-  
necked swears and more outspoken pro-  
fanity than any other invention.  
Not excepting even the collar button.  
The telephone is approached in a con-  
fident manner by some busy and  
driven man. "Hello," a pause, "Hello,  
Central," another pause. "Say, what's  
the matter with you? Gimme 0008.  
Hello, 0008. Hello, oh! Hello!" when  
jubilantly sing the dulcet tones of  
Central: "Line's in use," leaving that  
man swearing in spite of himself! Another  
man goes to the box. He  
affects a blasé air. "Give me 0008,"  
he says confidentially, with a little up-  
ward inflection. A long, long wait.  
Then he sighs, and rings a second time.  
"Can't you give me 0008?" he asks  
in an expository voice. "Just try and  
get together, will you?" "0008."  
Then he waits once more. "Is that  
0008? Oh, ring off, please, I say.  
Central, I asked for 0008. No, you  
gave me 008. Three naughts, please!  
Hello, is that 0008? 3.0? Great! Most!  
Hello, Central!" Anyone who wants to  
have a bit of fun out of poor, erring  
human nature had better sit as I do  
just now, with a telephone just out-  
side the door, while the busy man,  
and the blasé man, and the trisecular  
man, and the man who hollers at it  
as if it was a runaway, and the man  
who murmurs confidentially, and says  
please and thank you, take their medi-  
cine.

There is a telephone question which  
always riles me. I am just as mad at  
it to-day as I was ten years ago. I never  
thought it was funny, even in the first  
days, any more than I was amused  
at the trick of being blindfolded from  
behind and asked to guess who had  
fingers on my eyelids. "Do you know  
who is speaking?" The only way you  
can get even is to profess surety, and  
promptly name the meanest person  
you know. In connection with this  
I have wondered how seldom one re-  
cognizes voices over the 'phone, and  
how sure one is of certain tones. Per-  
haps one does not notice voices any  
more than eyes. Did you ever try to  
tell the color of an absent intimate's  
orbs? You will be wrong nine  
times out of ten.

A few telephone rules would be use-  
ful to the average man and woman.  
Don't shout, don't swear, don't talk  
all day; there are others. Sometimes  
one has a caller who doesn't know  
when to go; that isn't a circumstance  
to the talker over the telephone who  
doesn't know when to stop. Your arm  
aches, and your side aches, and your  
temper aches, and pauses ensue, and  
the whole thing gets on your nerves,  
and at last the other talker says: "Well,  
good-bye," and how promptly you  
respond. It's quite a confession.  
Don't be too business-like, even if  
you are in a hurry. Remember the  
amenities and be courteous. The  
voice some women and men use over  
the telephone might be appropriate to  
a car conductor or a truck-driver. One  
trembles to tackle them with the  
pleasantest news. Lastly, don't forget  
that whatever you say goes along the  
wire to the other end. Some wonder-  
ful remarks to present company have  
been accidentally transmitted with  
decidedly unhappy results. For in-  
stance:—"So sorry, (it's old Mrs.  
Gapedes. She's not coming. Now  
we can ask someone else.) Yes, I  
said I was so sorry you could not  
come, dear!" "Can you dine with us  
to-morrow at seven?" (Oh, that's all  
right. Mamie may not have it, and if  
she has, the placard won't be on by  
then, John!) "Your baby has scarlet  
fever? Oh, my dear, how awful. Of  
course you can't come!"

The Ancient was grubbing about.  
From afar I heard the telephone call,  
and rushed with the anxious haste of  
this electric age to answer. "Been  
ringing for two weeks," called the  
mendacious young person at the north  
end. I asked the Ancient if he had  
remarked it. "Oh, yes; I heard 'em,"  
said he indifferently; "and I just let  
'em ring. I have no use myself for  
them telephones." And I gazed upon  
the Ancient with respect, for 'tis a  
rare sight, the human being who can  
let 'em ring and have no use for 'em.

There are still persons of high de-  
gree who will not have a telephone in  
their houses, as there are still others  
who have never used a postal card,  
and one at least who never reads post-  
als, even tho' addressed to him! If  
you send one to him you'll never get  
an answer, that is, from him. I am  
told that his wife goes carefully  
through the waste paper basket every  
night, and picks out the rent mistakes  
and sees what is on them, and some-  
times ventures to respond, if the mat-  
ter be of much importance. The  
strength of prejudice is so often mis-  
taken for a better thing!



"Have you seen the new murillo the city has purchased?"  
"No, I have had a sewing woman in the house and I  
haven't been to the zoological gardens for two weeks."  
—*Fliegende Blätter.*

**A Young Man's Rise.**  
VERY interesting but not al-  
together unusual story of the  
rise of a young Canadian to  
a place of some importance  
and entirely by his own ex-  
ertions is found in the career of Dr.  
J. C. Schurman, whom the President  
of the United States has appointed  
chairman of the Philippine Commis-  
sion. He is only a United Stateser by  
adoption, being a Canadian by birth  
and of a United Empire Loyalist fam-  
ily. His father took a farm in Prince  
Edward Island in 1840, and young  
Jacob, the fourth son, worked about  
the place and attended district school  
until he was thirteen. Then he left  
home to make his way in the world.  
For three years young Schurman

worked in a country grocery in a little  
island town. Then he decided that he  
wanted a better education, and started  
out to get it. By working for his board  
he gave himself a year's schooling,  
and won a scholarship in Prince  
of Wales College, Charlottetown. With  
the few dollars which this scholarship  
yielded and what he could earn by  
keeping books at the store in the even-  
ing, he paid his way for two years.  
At the end of that time he graduated  
from college at the head of his class.  
Schurman went to Acadia College in  
Nova Scotia to continue his education.  
At the end of his course a scholarship  
in the University of London was of-  
fered for competition in Canada.  
Schurman went into the examination  
and won the prize. In London he took  
up the study of philosophy. In three  
years he won his doctorate, and the  
next step was to get to Germany. The  
Hilbard Society offered a travelling  
fellowship to encourage the independ-  
ent study of philosophy. It paid \$2,-  
000 for a year, and the holder could  
pursue his studies wherever he chose.  
It was open to all graduates of the  
universities of Great Britain and Ire-  
land. There were over sixty competi-  
tors, and "the boy whose earliest  
school had been the backwoods farm  
in Prince Edward Island stood above  
them all at the end of the competi-  
tion."  
Perhaps young Schurman was for-  
tunate in finding scholarships ready  
for him to pluck just when he needed

### Disease of The Spine.

**A Malady That Makes Life Almost Unbear-  
able—A Nova Scotia Lady Tells  
How to Cure It.**

Mrs. Frank Minard, of Milton, N.S.,  
is a lady who possesses the confidence  
of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Minard  
has been a sufferer from spinal disease  
and attendant complications, and to a  
reporter she recently gave the particu-  
lars of her cure. She said:—"As a re-  
sult of the trouble I suffered terribly.  
At times the pain would be confined to  
my back, and at other times it seemed  
to affect every nerve in my body, from  
the top of my head to my toes. As a  
result I was reduced greatly in  
strength, and was unable to stand  
upon my feet long enough to attend to  
my household work. When doing  
any kind of work which required a  
standing position I had to provide my-  
self with a high chair as a means of  
support. The medicine which the  
doctor prescribed for me did not seem  
to afford me more than temporary  
relief from the pain, and I was gradu-  
ally growing weaker and weaker. Fi-  
nally the doctors suggested that I should  
use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ac-  
cording to his advice I began to take  
them. I had only used a few boxes  
when the agony I had suffered for  
months began to abate, and I began  
to regain my strength. I continued  
using the pills for a short time longer,  
and was again in full possession of  
my health and strength, and able to do  
my household work. I have never en-  
joyed better health than I am doing  
at present."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure be-  
cause they supply the blood with its  
life-giving properties and strengthen  
weak nerves. All diseases due to  
either of these causes are speedily  
cured by the use of this medicine.  
Sold by all dealers or sent by mail,  
post-paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes  
for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Wil-  
liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"You Americans," said the Scotch-  
man, "suffer from an itch for notori-  
ety." "An itch for notoriety," re-  
sponded the American with spirit, "is  
better than a notoriety for—" But  
at that point they clinched.—Indian-  
apolis Journal.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original writing, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.



Prof. J. G. Schurman.

C. E. W.—A regular child's hand, glued  
to lines, and no more characteristic than  
possible. But there are the corner-stones  
of a fine character in it: honest, self-re-  
liance, cheerfulness, and good temper.  
I could not pull the faults of youth into  
the glare of criticism.  
Violet Lloyd—Thanks for your kind  
wishes. Your writing shows much quiet  
and restrained force of character. You  
are upright, honest, discreet, and have  
some imagination, good impulses, and  
estimates, a practical but not common-  
place outlook. You have no desire nor  
aptitude for argument, and are averse to  
finer, preferring frank, plain methods  
and being able to live and let live.  
Snowball—Neither strange nor startling  
are your views and virtues. You are just  
good, strong, well-known character, very  
unlikely to trust any one overmuch, clear  
and logical in your thoughts, with some  
facility and a general distaste for frills  
or emotion of any sort. You can take  
care of yourself, have excellent force and  
energy, like comfort, and will probably  
manage to have it. You are a bit of a  
man in your tastes and habits, and  
haven't a stupid streak in you. Palmistry  
is very interesting if you study it care-  
fully. Your writing isn't bad at all. It  
is easy to read, and has humor, energy,  
wit, bright perception, strong, constant  
purpose, adaptability, and considerable  
self-reliance.  
Un-Handy Andy—You are mistaken;  
the sexes run about even in the studies,  
though their names, for instance "Snow-  
ball," don't suggest the sterner sex. You  
are painstaking, deliberate, somewhat  
discursive, open to influence, fond of  
beauty, able to enjoy a bit of fun, and  
impulsive. You are a bit of a man in  
your tastes and habits, and haven't a  
stupid streak in you. Palmistry is very  
interesting if you study it carefully.  
Macie—Self-reliance and self-assertion  
are plain, with firm will and tenacity,  
discretion and adaptability, a rather pro-  
nounced temper, and a mind quite un-  
fitted for sustained argument. Writer has  
courage, honesty, force and generosity;  
youth also, it is evident.  
Mag-Nereah—Might that be your sig-  
nature? I remember the article quite  
well. When I read it I protested aloud,  
but some one must have found it read-  
able, and some one wrote it. No; I don't  
think it was true, not all of it, anyway.  
Sometimes the hardest cynicism shrouds  
a very tender heart. 2. Your writing  
shows sensitive feeling and refinement,  
bright and quick perception, loquacity and  
impulse. You are a bit of a man in  
your tastes and habits, and haven't a  
stupid streak in you. Palmistry is very  
interesting if you study it carefully.  
Topsy—"What shall I do with a young  
man who showers presents on me, and  
never pays me any personal attentions?"  
I'm sure I don't know, little nig! If you  
can't do without personal attentions,  
you'd better leave the gift-bringer to con-  
tinue his showery progress, and get an-  
other young man to do the spooning.  
That would be delightful for a maiden  
of thirty, as you say you are. If your  
young man is "never around when he's  
wanted," what a chance for another  
chap. The more the merrier, Topsy—at  
thirty.

### HOW TO COOK A SHOE

Apply any ordinary shoe-dressing,  
once or twice a week, for a short time.  
When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done.  
N.B.—Avoid

**PACKARD'S**  
SPECIAL COMBINATION  
...Leather Dressing  
IT WON'T COOK.

Doone—You can't remarry just because  
your husband left you three years ago  
and you haven't heard from him since.  
You can get a divorce in some parts of  
the United States on the ground of de-  
sertion, but not in Canada. If you are  
tired of a lonely life do not try to mend  
it by committing bigamy. It will be

### THE FINEST...

and richest liquoring teas are plucked during the MON-  
SOON season. Look up your dictionary for definition  
of the word. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.



them, but he had the ability to win  
them, and, above all, the energy to  
undertake an ambitious career, which  
has made him president of Cornell  
University and chairman of the Philip-  
pine Commission.

"Papa," said Benny Bloombumper,  
"why are days of grace allowed on a  
note?" "To avoid weeks of disgrace,"  
replied Mr. Bloombumper.—Judge.

George—Do you think that your fa-  
ther will consent to our marriage,  
darling? Ethel—Oh, yes! He has al-  
ways humored my silliest wishes.—  
Brooklyn Life.

A German paper contains the follow-  
ing unique advertisement: "Any per-  
son who can prove that my taploca  
contains anything injurious to health  
will have three boxes of it sent to him  
free of charge."—Tit-Bits.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original writing, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.

Pico—Apart from a good deal of wasted  
effort this is a fine, dashing study,  
ambitious, susceptible, and inclined to sen-  
timent; an eye to practical results shows  
through all its disguises; excellent tem-  
per, some idealism, fluent speech and ease  
of expression, and intuitive rather than  
logical turn. Writer likes his own be-  
longings and connections, and is affec-  
tionate in disposition and honest in pur-  
pose.

Vernie Rossland.—A clever, perceptive  
and rather angular character; impulsive  
and inclined to look down rather than up;  
tenacious and virile, but not commanding;  
a mind answering to the term wiry in  
physical makeup. You could not allow  
matters of sentiment to spoil your dis-  
cussion. Are somewhat mistrustful of others;  
have little tact, and are more cynical  
than sympathetic, or pretend to be so.  
Talent of various sorts is suggested, but  
not asserted. The scraps are neither  
good nor bad. How does medium go  
here?

Peggy—Do I believe in woman law-  
yers? Well, Peg, I wanted very badly to  
be one myself once. But in my young  
days the ambition was considered impos-  
sible, so I gave it up. A bad writer and a  
good liar? Are those really the only  
things needed? How phenomenally easy!  
Well, your writing isn't bad at all. It  
is easy to read, and has humor, energy,  
wit, bright perception, strong, constant  
purpose, adaptability, and considerable  
self-reliance.

C. E. W.—A regular child's hand, glued  
to lines, and no more characteristic than  
possible. But there are the corner-stones  
of a fine character in it: honest, self-re-  
liance, cheerfulness, and good temper.  
I could not pull the faults of youth into  
the glare of criticism.  
Violet Lloyd—Thanks for your kind  
wishes. Your writing shows much quiet  
and restrained force of character. You  
are upright, honest, discreet, and have  
some imagination, good impulses, and  
estimates, a practical but not common-  
place outlook. You have no desire nor  
aptitude for argument, and are averse to  
finer, preferring frank, plain methods  
and being able to live and let live.

Snowball—Neither strange nor startling  
are your views and virtues. You are just  
good, strong, well-known character, very  
unlikely to trust any one overmuch, clear  
and logical in your thoughts, with some  
facility and a general distaste for frills  
or emotion of any sort. You can take  
care of yourself, have excellent force and  
energy, like comfort, and will probably  
manage to have it. You are a bit of a  
man in your tastes and habits, and  
haven't a stupid streak in you. Palmistry  
is very interesting if you study it care-  
fully. Your writing isn't bad at all. It  
is easy to read, and has humor, energy,  
wit, bright perception, strong, constant  
purpose, adaptability, and considerable  
self-reliance.

Un-Handy Andy—You are mistaken;  
the sexes run about even in the studies,  
though their names, for instance "Snow-  
ball," don't suggest the sterner sex. You  
are painstaking, deliberate, somewhat  
discursive, open to influence, fond of  
beauty, able to enjoy a bit of fun, and  
impulsive. You are a bit of a man in  
your tastes and habits, and haven't a  
stupid streak in you. Palmistry is very  
interesting if you study it carefully.  
Macie—Self-reliance and self-assertion  
are plain, with firm will and tenacity,  
discretion and adaptability, a rather pro-  
nounced temper, and a mind quite un-  
fitted for sustained argument. Writer has  
courage, honesty, force and generosity;  
youth also, it is evident.

Mag-Nereah—Might that be your sig-  
nature? I remember the article quite  
well. When I read it I protested aloud,  
but some one must have found it read-  
able, and some one wrote it. No; I don't  
think it was true, not all of it, anyway.  
Sometimes the hardest cynicism shrouds  
a very tender heart. 2. Your writing  
shows sensitive feeling and refinement,  
bright and quick perception, loquacity and  
impulse. You are a bit of a man in  
your tastes and habits, and haven't a  
stupid streak in you. Palmistry is very  
interesting if you study it carefully.  
Topsy—"What shall I do with a young  
man who showers presents on me, and  
never pays me any personal attentions?"  
I'm sure I don't know, little nig! If you  
can't do without personal attentions,  
you'd better leave the gift-bringer to con-  
tinue his showery progress, and get an-  
other young man to do the spooning.  
That would be delightful for a maiden  
of thirty, as you say you are. If your  
young man is "never around when he's  
wanted," what a chance for another  
chap. The more the merrier, Topsy—at  
thirty.

Doone—You can't remarry just because  
your husband left you three years ago  
and you haven't heard from him since.  
You can get a divorce in some parts of  
the United States on the ground of de-  
sertion, but not in Canada. If you are  
tired of a lonely life do not try to mend  
it by committing bigamy. It will be

lonelier in jail, and you won't have as-  
semblies to go to. 2. Your writing is emi-  
nently independent and somewhat erratic.  
You are self-willed and confiding at the  
same time, careless of method, enterpris-  
ing, fond of material comforts, bright  
and intuitive, impatient and slightly pes-  
simistic. Plenty of good material, but  
needs sorting out very badly. Go slow,  
young woman.

Bernice—All the silly girls are in a  
bunch to-day. I think it would be ad-  
visable for you to talk sense, and if you  
elope, as you suggest, I hope the com-  
pensation of your flight will be good-natur-  
ed, or he'll probably give you plenty of  
cause to repent. But you are surely  
haverling. Bernice! Your writing and  
that of both Doone and Topsy have a  
pronounced line of self-will and self-  
assertion which is not refined or lovable.  
Yours is a very crude study. Topsy has  
the advantage of you, but not to much  
extent.

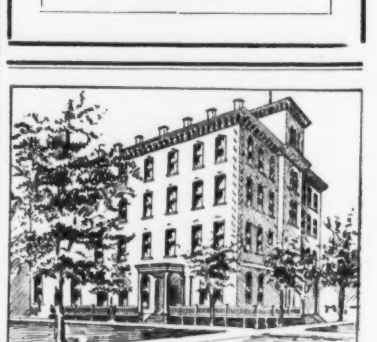
### The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when  
he sells you an imitation of  
Adams' Tutti Frutti

Is made from pure chick gum, and  
there is no other gum "just as good"  
or half so good.

Think how often you  
say, "Please pass the salt." Are  
you sure you always get the best  
there is? Windsor's is in Massena  
No lumps in it—no impurity—  
and with the full strength of the  
natural crystal.  
"Salt at table" means salt  
on the food you eat, and if you  
wish to avoid eating impurities  
always order

**Windsor Salt**  
The Windsor Salt Co.  
LIMITED  
WINDSOR, Ont.



### The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES  
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica  
and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous  
Affections and Impurities of the Blood. En-  
dorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and  
Allott's System of Medicine. Experienced  
physicians and attendants in Massage Treat-  
ment, Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water  
Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLM  
SON BROS., 374 Queen St. W., St. Catharines.

Open the year round

### EPPE'S COCOA

**GRATEFUL COMFORTING**  
Distinguished everywhere for  
Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Qual-  
ity and Nutritive Properties. Spe-  
cially grateful and comforting to  
the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold  
only in 3-lb. tins, labeled JAMES  
EPPE & CO., London, England.

### BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPE'S COCOA

Don't swim when there's  
a bridge. Don't experi-  
ment with your health.  
Profit by the experience of  
others. ABBEY'S EF-  
FERVESCENT SALT has  
acted as a bridge for many to  
carry them over sickness and dis-  
ease. The daily use of Abbey's  
Effervescent Salt will keep you  
in good health and spirits  
the year round. All drug-  
gists sell this standard Eng-  
lish preparation at 60c a  
large bottle; trial size, 25c.

lonelier in jail, and you won't have as-  
semblies to go to. 2. Your writing is emi-  
nently independent and somewhat erratic.  
You are self-willed and confiding at the  
same time, careless of method, enterpris-  
ing, fond of material comforts, bright  
and intuitive, impatient and slightly pes-  
simistic. Plenty of good material, but  
needs sorting out very badly. Go slow,  
young woman.

Bernice—All the silly girls are in a  
bunch to-day. I think it would be ad-  
visable for you to talk sense, and if you  
elope, as you suggest, I hope the com-  
pensation of your flight will be good-natur-  
ed, or he'll probably give you plenty of  
cause to repent. But you are surely  
haverling. Bernice! Your writing and  
that of both Doone and Topsy have a  
pronounced line of self-will and self-  
assertion which is not refined or lovable.  
Yours is a very crude study. Topsy has  
the advantage of you, but not to much  
extent.

Patience.—It was possibly because your  
writing was not suitable for a study that  
I did not delineate it; but you are cer-  
tainly entitled to a notification. It isn't  
formed enough.

John o' Groat—Possibly you are right.  
I am not interested in the social vagaries  
of the person in question, having never  
met her in my rounds, and am not likely  
to. In any case, I should not dream of  
speaking as you suggest. The world is  
wide, my man. Let her cavort if it suits  
her!



## Studio and Gallery

**A**MONG the first feelings on entering the O. S. A. gallery just now are those of relief and hope. We are relieved to find that our path to its investigation has been made comparatively easy by clearing away many of the obstructions to the discovery of real merit which have always hindered us in most local exhibitions. One of these obstructions has been the presence of the multitudes of canvases, as though excellence demands quantity. Quantity, instead of being helpful, is always a deteriorating quality in an exhibition. We approach with hope that we may really be able, comparatively, to judge, appreciate, and be duly benefited. We note with appreciation the difference between the display and that of the art department of the Industrial Exhibition, under which affliction and affliction a long-suffering public have groaned with patience which is not commendable. We are looking forward to it in the fall with a philosophic, stoical submission to the inevitable. Because there are not worthy works of art there? Not at all. Our grievance is worse than that. They are there, but we cannot see them. What is there is often so belied and slandered by its neighbors that its character suffers immensely. Less pictures and more room, artistic arrangement, intelligent grouping, are some of the things we suggested last year for the Industrial. We were "pooh-poohed" by some accordingly. When you consult an infant for suggestions and remedies, it is almost sure to gaze benevolently at you with wide-opened eyes of heavenly innocence, and at intervals between the sucking of a doubled-up thumb, it will gurgle with delicious cadence "A-goo." The only advance some people ever seem to make on their babyhood is to change the "g" to "p," and this they gurgle consistently at every new remedy which has had the misfortune not to have them for a parent.

A single illustration of crowding: Last year there were at the Fair among other good things two exquisite water-colors by an Italian artist. We venture to think that, owing to their crowded-in position, few were adequately impressed with their excellence, and fewer carried away permanent impressions of them to keep with them as a souvenir of joy. No one who looks long enough to see the two water-colors of Miss Hawley, which the committee had the good judgment to emphasize by isolation, will soon forget them. If an exhibition is for the purpose of concealing the merits of the things revealed, misrepresenting their true character, and convincing the public of their utter want of utility, then we have no objections to raise to the Industrial. Is this the policy adopted towards the rest of the exhibits in the Fair? However, we may be all astray as to the raison d'être of the picture collection at the Fair. We have interpreted it as it is plainly announced, an "Art Department." It has not so been understood by all, manifestly. Some visitors at the last Fair were heard to say, in all good faith, after visiting other departments:—"Come, now, let us go into the paint shop." As a paint shop there is much to be said in its favor. However, we are sufficiently advanced in civilization to have an art department.

We are much impressed with the versatility of the talent of F. S. Challenger. Clear, realistic, in 80; tender in feeling and tone, impressionistic in 81; excellent in figure, in play of light, when light was scarce in 18, and capable of meritorious compositions. The correct values, vital essence, and other qualities of Brownell's make them valuable. J. W. Beatty's plums are tempting. We could wish the little Italian had taken a seat some place else in the gallery. So near the delightful tone study of E. Wylie Grier, her realistic treatment gives her a feeling of harshness and floridity. We like parts of Miss Hagarty's eminently personal work. We wish, however, her Miss S. had not made a permanent visit to the exhibition. We would excuse Mr. Curry

### "ART TREASURES"

20,000 Photographic Reproductions of all Celebrated Paintings.  
374 Yonge Street - A. PETERSEN  
Agent South Photograph Co., Boston.

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
... PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio: 34 King Street West

**R. F. GAGEN,**  
Studio—90 Yonge Street.  
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

**MISS EDITH HEMMING**  
PORTRAITS, MINIATURES  
Classes for Miniature Painting.  
Studio—682 Church Street, Toronto

**SPRING AT LAST**—Give it practical welcome by painting, staining, varnishing, gilding or otherwise decorating whatever needs a brightening touch. Thus your home is made brighter and healthier.  
**THE ART METROPOLIS** (Unlimited)  
131 & 133 Yonge St. and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto Arcade. Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 2124.

### DO YOU NEED PAINT?

For Your Home  
Parlors  
Halls  
Bedrooms  
Dining-rooms  
Kitchens  
Call or write for color card and price list.  
For Oil and Water-Color  
Painting  
China Painting  
Crayon Drawing  
Sketching  
Modeling, etc.

**THE B. HARRIS COY., Limited**  
44 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

also if he left. Miss Douglas has loosened out on her technique since last year, so has Mrs. Elliott in her charming 82, and Miss Winch is preparing for a place among the gods. Mrs. Hime's portrait study in its artistic frame is a pleasing contribution. Study of a Head, 50, is a most satisfying color harmony, flooded with light, and containing in its shadow treatment an artist's knowledge. Miss Tully enters into keenest sympathy, not with the externals of her subject, but with her sub-conscious life. All her work has the touch of spirituality.

F. H. Bridgen is standing in the proper view-point, and is acquiring facility in telling us what he sees. The Shortest Day is a warm winter scene of golden sunset and cold snow. Henry Martin loves sentiment, religion, embodied in brick and mortar, and so delights in architecture, of which he sends three examples. W. Smith is at home in the storm at sea, and no place else so much at home. No. 127 we think his best. E. Morris delights in strong arrangements of harmonious color. We are more at home in the motifs of Miss Spurr's smaller pieces, and while admiring the technical knowledge which is evidenced in her larger pieces, we feel somewhat scattered as to subject.

When Prof. Mackenzie lectures on Kipling this Saturday at Rosedale school he will surely find a prepared audience in deepest sympathy with his subject. We expect to see a large audience.

We are glad to learn of the formation of a branch of the League of School Art in Phoebe street school. We hope to have the pleasure of announcing many such branches.

The paintings of Tissot were created, as many know, to tell the tale of the life of Jesus Christ. They have been reproduced in colored lithography, and constitute the illustrated part of a large volume, devoted to chiefly Scriptural quotations, etc., regarding this life. The work, as may be expected, is of great value, only eight copies of the original work being available for the American continent. We hoped to have seen Toronto possess one at least, or more. Those who wish to see this valuable book can see it at George N. Morang's publishing house. Next to seeing the original cartoons this is best. This is a work destined to live. McClure's for March tells the tale of its origin. Our Public Library should certainly contain a copy.

JEAN GRANT.

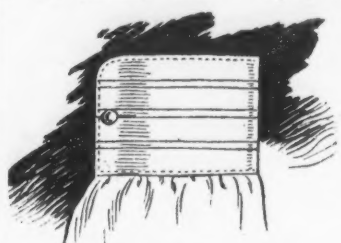
### The Devil's Head.

**O**N a bluff overhanging an inlet of the Lake of the Woods, near Rat Portage, Ontario, is a curiously marked and weathered mass of granite, the ledge resembling a broad, distorted face, with staring eyes and savage, grinning mouth. Some larkish persons have used paint to increase the human suggestion of the thing, and persons of weak nerves suddenly coming upon it for the first time, have been rudely startled, and have been compelled to ask for flasks, says Charles M. Skinner, of Philadelphia, in his book, "Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders." Skull Rock and Devil's Head they call it, the names being used indifferently. It is twenty feet high, and of about the same width. The mouth, strangely, is a cave, which may be entered for ten feet, and leads to a deep throat in the stone behind. Nearly every miner who enters this region to prospect for metal visits this freak, and touches his palm to its forehead for luck; for the first gold-bearing rock discovered by white men in this region was found in the mouth of this great mask. It was said that Indians put it there; but, while the mound-builders knew the value of copper and worked it skilfully at the Lake Superior mines before the era of Columbus, there is nothing to prove that they valued gold until the frauds and ferocity of Europeans showed them how much other men could prize it. One miner travelled fifteen hundred miles to touch this face before he began a search for gold in quite another part of the country. The Indians are indifferent to this phase of the matter. They see in the glaring monster the head of a giant who came out of the north-west to protect them against the whites, and they feel a reverence for it, which they used to prove by burying their bravest men in its shadow. Consequently, it is not to them the head of a devil, but of a hero. There are many traditions of warriors who were to help them repel the hated French and English, and until a recent date they read comfort in heavenly signs, and looked hopefully to every strong man of their own race, down to Sitting Bull, to free the land. The comet of 1811, they said, was the avenging arm of Tecumseh. The expected Messiah, in whose honor the exciting ghost-dances have been held from time to time, is by some affirmed to be Manitobozho. It was not Manitobozho who left his skull here in the wilderness grinning at the faithful, for he was a man of peace and wise counsel. It was possibly a visitant from the happy hunting grounds. Look west from Calgary to the tumbled Yothic peaks of the Rockies, and you see the Indian's "bridge of the world" leading to heaven. It was from those happy hunting grounds that the giant rescuer returned to fight once more, but vainly, for his people.

Waiter (yelling down the kitchen-tube)—Hey Alphonse, make that chop a steak. Alphonse—Saurez! Vol you tink? I'm a chef, not a magician.—Tit-Bits.

### Something About Men's Dress.

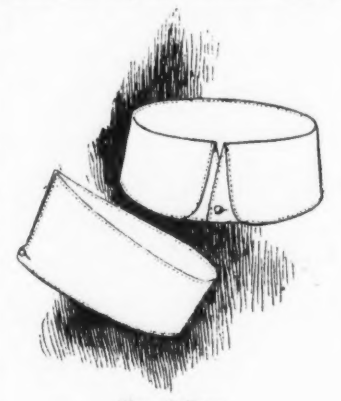
**T**HE tide of approval in men's dress is now setting toward the more subdued effects in cloths, shirtings, and cravats. The popularity of the vivid tones has not declined, but, like everything that is good, it has been abused. After examining the new silks and shirt stuffs brought out for next spring's wear, one cannot help feeling that the favors have been bestowed upon the most quiet combinations and effects. In shirtings, stripes in all of the colors that belong to the brightest class have been used, but in such a way that they are not prominent. All this means the total obliteration of the dashing broad stripes, the



The Slightly Rounded Cuff.

closely mixed kaleidoscopic figures, and the brilliant ground tones. For present wear the blacks and whites and tones that contrast well with these colors are the favorites. The large cravats are too bold in bright colors, and for that reason the neutral hues usurped the brighter ones.

The custom shirt makers have discarded the sloping cornered cuff for



New Collars.

one that is slightly rounded. You know these shirt makers take the ground that no matter what the shirt manufacturers introduce they will oppose; therefore, cross stripes being the most popular, our shirt makers take the up-and-down stripe.

I saw quite a decided novelty the other day; nothing less than a deer skin hunting stock. Very wearable and decidedly sporty, I assure you. The stock is made in two pieces; one,



Deer-Skin Hunting Stock.

the neckband, is about 3 inches high and is lined with white silk. About it runs a piping of silk in scarlet. The illustration shows it better than I can describe it. The stock fastens in the back with a hook and eye. The flat is sewn to the stock, and is lined with silk and interlined with cotton. These stocks retail at \$2.50, and are designed for wear while driving, skating, wheeling, or golfing. They are very soft, and look decidedly smart in light and dark tans and grays.

Our best dressers are not wearing the very high, round point standers. The best collar for all formal occasions is the straight standing style with fronts that just meet, and the new flare front collar with a very

slight front spacing. For informal wear the high bander with look front, or with the "V" spaced front, is most popular. These have rounded tips, and are worn with Ascots as well as four-in-hands. The soft broad-end Ascot, tied in the once-over form and pulled down very straight, looks very well in combination with a high bander. I think the effect decidedly artistic. It weeds negligé collar and cravat most fittingly.

"It is the custom with good class tailors," writes the London correspondent of Gibson's Magazine, to press the garments of their customers (I mean, to press them, not in a press, but in the technical use of the word by means of wet rags and a hot iron) as often as necessary, without charging anything, and it seems to me good business policy to do so. Clothes kept in good order are a credit to the man that builds them. A man who always looks "well turned-out" is often asked the name of his tailor. Also the habit of getting his clothes attended to now and again brings him into the store occasionally. He will sometimes, at least, see something that catches his fancy among the patterns and order a garment of a suit that otherwise very likely he would dispense with.

### Aguinaldo's Overtime.

**"W**ELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it looks now as if they was nothing left for me young frind Aggynaldoo to do but time. Like as not a year from now he'll be in gaol, like Napoleon, the impror iv th' Fr-rinch was in his day, an' Mike, th' Burglar, an' other pathrites. That's what comes iv bein' a pathrite too long. 'Tis a good job when they're nawthin' else to do, but 'tis not th' thing to wurruk overtime at. 'Tis a sort iv out-iv-dure sport that ye shud engage in durin' th' summer vacation, but when a man carries it on durin' his business hours people begin to get down on him, an' after a while they're ready to hang him to get him out iv th' way. As Hogan says, 'Th' las' thing that happens to a pathrite he's a scoundrel.'"

"Las' summer there wasn't a warmer pathrite annywhere in our imperial dominions than this same Aggynaldoo. I was with him meself. Says I, 'They're a good coon,' I says, 'He'll help us fr' to make th' Philipeens independent on us fr' support,' I says, 'an' whin th' blessin' iv civilization has been intixed to his beloved cunthry, an' I says, 'they put up internal rivine offices an' post offices,' I says, 'we'll give him a good job as a letter-carrier,' I says, 'where he won't have anything to do,' I says, 'but walk,' I says.

"An' so th' consul at Ding Dong, th' man that r-run that ind iv th' war, he says to Aggynaldoo, 'Go,' he says, 'where glory waits ye,' he says, 'Go an' shrike a blow,' he says, 'fr' ye're cunthry,' he says, 'Go,' he says, 'I'll stay, but you go,' he says, 'They're nawthin' in stayin' an' ye might get hold iv a tyrannical watch or a pocketbook down beyant,' he says. An' off wint the brave pathrite to do his footy. He done it, too. Whin Cousin George was pastin' the former hated Castles, who was it stood on th' shore shootin' his bow-an'-arrow into th' sky but Aggynaldoo? He was a good man thn—a good noisy man.

"Th' thrubble was he didn't know whin to knock off. He didn't hear th' wurruk-bell callin' him to come in fr'm playin' ball an' get down to business. Says me Cousin George, 'Aggynaldoo, me buck,' he says, 'th' war is over,' he says, 'an' we've settled down to th' ol' game,' he says. 'They're no more heroes. All iv thim has gone to wurruk fr' th' magazines. They're no more pathrites,' he says. 'They've got jobs as gov'nors or ar-re lookin' fr' thim or anythin' else,' he says. 'All th' prom'nint saviours iv their cunthry,' he says, 'but meself,' he says, 'is busy preparin' their definse,' he says, 'I have no definse,' he says, 'but I'm where they can't reach me,' he says. 'Th' sport is all out iv the job an' if ye don't come in an' jine th' tlin' masses iv wage-wurrukers,' he says, 'ye won't even have

## The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

## SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

## CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

**DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS** into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL. That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East. Shall we book your order?

**THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED**  
BREWERS AND MALSTERS  
Manufacturers of the Celebrated  
**WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES**  
The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

th' credit iv bein' llicked in a glorify victory,' he says. 'So to th' woodpile with ye,' he says, 'fr' ye can't go on cillybratin' th' Fourth iv July with-out bein' took up fr' disorderly conduct,' he says.

"An' Aggynaldoo doesn't under-stand it. An' he gathers his archery club ar-round him an' says he, 'Fellow-pathrites,' he says, 'we've been betrayed,' he says. 'We've been sold out without,' he says, 'gettin' th' usual commission,' he says. 'We're still heroes,' he says, 'an' our pitchers is in th' pa-apers,' he says. 'Go in,' he says, 'an' shrike a blow at th' gay deceivers,' he says. 'I'll sell ye're lives dear,' he says. An' th' archery club wint in. The pathrites wint up again a band iv Kansas sojers that was wanst heroes before they larned th' hay-foot-shraw-foot, an' is now arnin' th' wages iv a good harvest-hand all th' year ar-round, an' d' rath'er fight than ate th' ar-my beef, an' ye' know what happened. An' all this because Aggynaldoo didn't hear th' whistle blow."—Peter Dunne in "Chicago Journal."

### British Cruiser's Narrow Escape.

H. M. S. Eclipse narrowly escaped the experience of the American cruiser Maine during her stay at Bombay recently. It appears that while the officers were at dinner in the ward-room an explosion occurred beneath them, followed by sounds of numerous slighter concussions. The sounds were located in the shell-room of the twelve-pounder quick-firing gun. This was set once flooded, and, after pumping out, the inspection showed that three twelve-pounder shells from the top tier had exploded, the fragments being scattered all over the room, though little damage was done to the room fittings or to other shells. These shells are of a highly explosive character, but no others showed signs of injury.

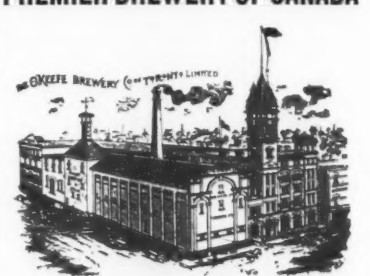
A court of enquiry was ordered, but no information beyond that already known was elicited, the only explanation of the mystery being a theory of spontaneous explosion.—Advocate of India, Bombay.

**Well Met**  
"Timmins, do you know anything about literature?"  
"No."  
"Know anything about art?"  
"Nothing."  
"Know anything about music?"  
"Not a rap."  
"Good. Come over to my room, bring a pipe, and let's enjoy ourselves."

**Newspaper "Ad"**  
Discern the tragedy who can—  
(How sad two hearts must feel!)  
Here's, "Wanted, to exchange a tandem for a single wheel."  
—Puck.

"How did it happen that Miss Singleton refused to marry the young clergyman?" "Why, when he proposed to her, she, being a little deaf, thought he was asking her to subscribe to the organ fund. So she told him she had promised her money to some other mission."—Bazar.

## PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 30 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

**The O'Keefe Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Limited**

**PROF. O'BRIEN**  
Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and first and (only) scientific palmist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 461 Jarvis. Patronized by the nobility and elite from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

**"The Hagar Shoe"**  
FOR LADIES  
The neatest, most stylish line of ladies' footwear made.  
See our Box Calf Lace Boot, Good year welt, at \$3.50, just the shoe for present wear.  
**H. & C. Blackford**  
114 Yonge St.

### Quick Dress Chart—Showing the present rules that prevail in New York.

| OCCASION  | COAT.                                   | WAIST-COAT.                                       | TROUSERS   | HAT                     | SHIRT AND CUFFS                   | COLLAR                                | CRAVAT                                    | GLOVES                              | SHOES  | JEWELRY  |
|---|---|---|--|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|--|--|
| DAY WEDDING, AFTERNOON CALLS, RECEPTIONS AND MATINEE            | Frock                                   | Double-Breasted Same Material as Coat             | Striped Worst of Light Shade   | High Silk               | White with Cuffs Attached         | Lap-Front or Poke                     | White or Light-tone Ascot or Four-in-hand | White with Self Backs               | Patent Leather Button Tops                         | Gold Links and Gold Pin  |
| EVENING WEDDINGS, BALLS, RECEPTIONS, FORMAL DINNERS AND THEATRE | Full Dress                              | Double-Breasted White                             | Same as Coat   | Opera or High Silk      | White with Cuffs Attached         | Lap-Front or Poke                     | Broad End or White Tie                    | Pearl or White                      | Patent Leather Button Tops or Patent Leather Pumps | Pearl studs & Mother of Pearl Links or Mother of Pearl studs and links |
| FORMAL DINNER, CLUB, STAG, THEATRE PARTY                        | Dinner Jacket                           | Single-Breasted Same Material as Coat             | Same as Coat   | Derby                   | White with Cuffs Attached         | Standing or High-Turn-Down            | Broad End or Black Satin Tie              | Light Pearl Self or Black Stitching | Patent Leather Button Tops                         | Gold Studs and Links   |
| BUSINESS AND MORNING WEAR                                       | Single-Breasted or Double-Breasted Sack | To Match Coat                                     | If with S. B. Coat, to match. If with D. B. Coat, of different Material. | Derby                   | Colored Shirt with Cuffs Attached | White Standing or High-band Turn-down | Ascot, Tie, Once-Over or Four-in-hand     | Tan or Gray                         | Russet or Calf Laced                               | Gold Studs Gold Links Gold Watch Guard                                 |
| WHEELING, GOLF, OUTING  | Single-Breasted or Double-Breasted Sack | Of Fancy Flaid Single-Breasted or Double-Breasted | Fancy Knickers   | Alpine, Tam or Golf Cap | Fancy Flannel                     | Hunting Stock or High-band Turn-down  | Hunting Stock or Tie                      | Heavy or Tan                        | Russet   | Links and Watch Guard  |
| AFTERNOON TEAS, SHOWS, ETC.                                     | Frock                                   | Double-Breasted Same Material as Coat             | Striped Worst of Light or Dark   | High Silk               | White                             | High Standing                         | Ascot or Four-in-hand                     | Pearl or Light Gray                 | Patent Leather Button Tops                         | Gold Studs and Gold Links  |
| CHURCH  | Frock or Cutaway                        | "   | "  | "                       | "                                 | "                                     | "   | Light Gray or Tan                   | "  | "  |





## MUSIC

**T**HE Banda Rossa, the organization so much advertised as "the finest band in Italy," made its second visit to Toronto this week and on Tuesday and Wednesday gave four concerts in the Massey Hall to moderate-sized audiences. Their playing evoked considerable enthusiasm, and it must be confessed that the characteristics of their performances are such as would naturally impress audiences of a mixed character. But when their renderings of standard compositions are submitted to the analysis of dispassionate criticism, one is at a loss to understand the chorus of adulation which seems to have greeted them throughout the United States from a large section of the press. Their somewhat rough virility and go, their overwhelming climaxes, their alternations of loud and soft effects naturally win a popular verdict, but in the estimation of musical people they do not compensate for the lack of subtle and well graded nuances, of refined phrasing, of poetic conception, nor for the grave faults of violent exaggeration and of a not infrequent overblowing on the part of the brass which in many cases gives a flavor of vulgarity to their efforts. Undoubtedly their is a fervid enthusiasm in all that they do, but enthusiasm untempered by artistic refinement is prone, as all musical people know, to lead one into a species of expression which may be compared with ranting on the dramatic stage. In light genre pieces, in arrangements from conventional Italian operas, in marches and dances, the band show to their best advantage. But when it comes to such music as the opening of the William Tell overture, to selections from Wagner, or to any composition requiring idealization of conception, artistic balance, delicate gradations and smoothness of tone, I, for one, prefer the interpretations of the representative American bands. The most successful selections at the four concerts were those from Carmen, Aida, Il Trovatore, Mefistofele and Lucia. In these, with perhaps the exception of Carmen, both band and conductor were dealing with music that reflected the national temperament. The vocalist with the band was Mrs. Marshall Pease, a pleasing singer with an agreeable voice, who contributed an attractive list of songs. The conductor, Signor Eugenio Sorrentino, is admitted to be a clever director, and no doubt gets the best possible work from his musicians.

The concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club in the Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week was one of the most successful musical events of the season, the vast auditorium being crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the talented director of the organization, mustered under his baton about seventy of the best men singers that are to be found in the city. The programme, which embraced both grave and gay selections, attractively contrasted, was carried out in a manner which gained general respect and approbation. The singing of the Club was marked by a thoroughly musical tone production, by admirable balance of the parts, by well governed gradations of power, and, as a rule, by accuracy of intonation. Two numbers that specially aroused the audience to enthusiasm were an arrangement of Handel's celebrated Largo—so much affected by violinists—and Schaefer's Polka Serenade, Come Away, Come Away, both of which were encored. F. Mackenzie's humorous song, A Franklyn's Dog, gave the audience much amusement by its comic conceit, and had to be repeated. The Soldiers' Chorus from Faust proved a telling number, and was sung with vigor and good rhythmic swing. The Club took the occasion to introduce to the public the famous solo pianist, Herr Emil Sauer, one of the most talked-about artists of the present time. It is not exaggerating to say that Herr Sauer aroused a degree of enthusiasm that has not been equalled at the reception of a pianist since the appearance of Rubinstein and Paderewski in this city. Although the methods which he had pursued of advertising Herr Sauer had led many to doubt his musical standing, he fortunately proved after all to be a genuine artist. He is splendidly equipped in the matter of technique, has a delightfully delicate and sensitive touch, and produces a special pianissimo which for equality, rapidity, and musical beauty of tone, and yet withal exquisitely shaded within its bounds, it would be difficult to equal. He is a most charming interpreter of genre pieces, and as an exponent of Chopin proved himself particularly happy. The nature of the impression he created may be gauged by the fact that he was recalled ten or eleven times during the evening. The solo singer was Mr. Gwynn Miles, a Welsh baritone, who won an instantaneous triumph. He has a rich and even voice, and sings with finish of style and with honest and legitimate expression. The inevitable I Pagliacci Prologue was his introductory number, and was followed by Tchaikowski's Serenade and Schumann's Two Grenadiers. Before dismissing this concert a tribute of praise is due to Mrs. Blight for her excellent accompaniments to the solo songs. The Club accompanist was Miss A. W. Kilgour, who was perfectly satisfactory in that capacity.

On Saturday evening Herr Sauer gave a special recital in the Massey Hall, confirmed the impression he had previously

made, was enthusiastically received by a select audience of admirers, and offered a choice programme of standard compositions. His rendering of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53 (the Waldstein) well stood the test of comparison with that of other distinguished pianists who have played it here. Its bravura complications, particularly in the Rondo, presented no difficulty to Herr Sauer, so that the audience did not have to consider the question of technique at all. He threw a good deal of light and shade into the work, brought out some subtleties of effects which had not been heard before, but indulged in no capricious license, and was very sparing in the use of the rubato. A splendidly executed number for transparency of design and brilliancy was the Bach's d'Albert Prelude and Fugue. Chopin's Bolero was a very entrancing contribution, with its delicate emphasizing of the characteristic rhythm and accent. The Rubinstein Reve Angeline was quite romantic in tone as portrayed by the soloist. Herr Sauer recalled nine times, and as one of his extra numbers gave the study for the black keys by Chopin. He closed a most interesting and thoroughly appreciated recital with Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, which, it is needless to say, he played with distinction and ease.

Mr. Samuel Aitken, honorary secretary of the Associated Board, arrived in the city on Wednesday of last week and immediately opened fire upon the enemy in a most indiscreet and bad-tempered letter to the *Globe*, in which he dramatically declared that he had come to "tell the truth and if possible to make other people tell the truth." Following this bumptious declaration there appeared a column and a half of such coarse and untruthful rubbish as completely put in the shade anything which has been written in the past even by Mr. Aitken himself or any of his salaried agents. The result of this ill-considered communication has been to still further strengthen the spirit of protest in Canada against the Board's huckstering and speculations here. Mr. Aitken's insulting references to the profession in Canada, his direct misstatements, and his misleading comments generally, have earned for that gentleman the contempt not only of the profession in Canada, but also of that portion of the public which has intelligently followed the controversy. Several of his most glaring "truths" were promptly exposed in the *Globe* of the following day. The unexpected evidences of strength in the position maintained by local musicians, and the suggestion of probable trouble for Mr. Aitken because of a very rash and untruthful charge against the secretary of the protesting committee contained in the former's letter to the *Globe*, caused Mr. Aitken to turn a sudden summer-sault and propose a truce, the effect of the truth as told by the "other people" whom he crossed the seas to crush having been instantaneous and positive. Mr. Aitken's sneer concerning the standard of music teaching in this country would imply that he cannot be conscious of the innumerable failures who have come over from the Old Country and sojourned here for a time, representing the finished product of a class of teaching which he apparently wishes to have Canadians adopt *holus bolus* as a model. Canadians, however, emphatically draw the line at the issuing of teachers' diplomas at \$25 each, with a title added, in which the candidate, according to the piano syllabus of the Board, "is not expected to give attention to faults of style or lack of expression." The results of such a ridiculous policy probably account for the lamentably poor material turned out by some Old Country institutions as examples of their work. Canadians also object decidedly to any provincial organist being sent out to act as an expert examiner in all branches from the Jew's-harp to the bass-drum, music having fortunately advanced a stage beyond such a standard in this country. Mr. Aitken's proposition some time ago to the director of one of our music schools to share "swag" resulting from a proposed fusion of interests, and his subsequent statements, in writing and verbally, to the effect that if the Canadian scheme failed to realize a profit the Board would withdraw from the field, do not bear out the "art" and "philanthropy" bancombe of that institution's representatives. To Canadians the most regrettable feature of Mr. Aitken's asinine tactics is the fact that such names as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, and the eminent men who are connected with the R.A.M. and R.C.M. have been freely used in order to bolster up a force which has thrown so much discredit upon the Board's entire Canadian speculation.

Local music dealers express themselves as highly amused at the explanation offered by the Associated Board regarding that enterprising concern's "corner" in its Canadian sheet music traffic. One dealer has explained that the Board's efforts to coerce and control the trade are due to the fact that, in anticipation of a tremendous rush for its music, a very large stock of the same was imported from England upon which duty and expressage have been paid, and as this in all probability figures as an asset, Mr. Aitken's concern regarding its disposal is amply accounted for. Messrs. Nordheimer state that they have had but one enquiry for this

year's music; Messrs. Whaley & Royce have not even had one such request; Ashdown's have had no enquiries for the Board's merchandise, and Nordheimers are anxious to dispose of a quantity of last year's stock which has been left on their hands. In Montreal, according to Mr. P. B. Williams—who has (as will be seen by the appended letter) written local dealers imploring them to purchase the Board's wares—business is rushing, although another representative of the Board, to wit, Mr. Aitken himself, several days ago, in conversation with some members of the local protesting committee, declared positively that the Board had not as yet disposed of more than a dozen copies, all told, in Canada. Note the Board's keen desire, therefore, to find a market for its wares, especially its ancient stock, as expressed in the following letter to the trade:

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.A.M. AND R.C.M.

ROOM 55, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.  
MONTREAL, Feb. 27, 1899.  
DEAR SIR:—I am instructed by Mr. S. Aitken, the honorary secretary of the Associated Board (who has just left here to visit other local centers), to state that the Board is so anxious to dispose of its music to the trade if allowed to do so, they having no wish to run counter to the trade in any way, but if they will not handle the music except on terms that involve an actual loss to the Board we are perfectly obliged to dispose of it ourselves. It has been arranged that the music for 1898, 1897 and 1896 shall serve for this year if the trade, consequently, this year's music will be of service for two years to come, and from the daily demand I have for the same it should eventually prove a source of profit. I shall be glad to forward some of the music on order, and will dispose of the whole at cost price if desired.  
I am, dear sir,  
Yours truly,  
P. B. WILLIAMS,  
Canadian Secretary.

The assertions of the Board's representatives that colonial music houses do not offer facilities for the purchase of standard music for which there may be any demand, is warmly resented by local music dealers. Indeed, the more this matter is probed into the more justification there appears to be for the London *Musical Herald's* statement that the "philanthropic" Associated Board is a "highly lucrative concern" for its publishers, composers and professors, and that the resentment of Canadians regarding its tactics is a natural consequence. It will not surprise Canadians, therefore, to learn that prominent English music journals are strongly condemning the Board's Canadian policy. One influential monthly just to hand describes the Board's conduct in Canada as "extraordinary," and asks the very pertinent question, "Why should the Board interfere in a publishers' matter?"

**Musical Editor Saturday Night:**  
DEAR SIR:—The following extract from a letter received by the honorary secretary of the Protesting Committee from His Excellency the Governor General through his private secretary, re protest against musical examinations by outside examiners, may be read with interest by the musical profession in Canada:

"His Excellency regrets that he cannot accept the views expressed in protest. The reputation of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music stands so high that he can hardly think that examinations conducted by outside examiners could tend either to lower the standard of Canadian musicians or to create antagonistic musical factions; indeed, they would appear to him likely to produce entirely opposite results. The Board now send examiners to Australia and to South Africa, and the diploma it grants is practically the only one that carry any value in the eyes of the musical world. His Excellency heartily sympathizes with the desire expressed in the protest to retain for Canada Canadian institutions of her own, but he believes that the advantages to be derived from the examinations in question would, instead of proving injurious to such institutions, conduce greatly to insure their ultimate success and would open up a wider field for the development of musical genius than at present exists. It is to be regretted that His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, although Canadian president of the Associated Board, should find it necessary to express an opinion differing so widely from that of the musical profession in Canada, who, knowing the facts in detail and understanding the situation thoroughly, are making so vigorous a protest against the invasion of the country by outside examining bodies. The purpose of maintaining a solid front against the unwarrantable intrusion upon their rights by forwarding the protest as an expression of the feeling of the responsible elements of the profession in Canada is clear. The determination of the Associated Board to impose its examinations in the face of the united protest will only serve to create a still greater bond of union among Canadian musicians in the assertion of their rights."

Hon. Sec. Protesting Committee.  
Toronto, March 8, 1899.

The National Sunday League seem to be doing very good work in the cause of music in old London. On Sunday, February 19, the Alhambra Music Hall was crowded in every part on the occasion of a performance of the Messiah under the auspices of the League. The soloists were Mr. Watkins Mills, Mme. Clara Samuel, Miss Marian Mackenzie and Mr. Herwin Jones. On the afternoon of the same day thousands went to the Albert Hall, where the band of the Royal Artillery, under Cavalieri Zaverthal, played a choice selection of music. Hardly a vacant seat was discernible in the vast auditorium. Altogether the evidence that there is a public desire for good Sunday concerts seems pretty conclusive.

A memorial statue to Wagner is to be erected in Berlin, although it has not yet been decided where it will be placed. The amount subscribed is said to be 128,000 francs. A statue of Liszt at Weimar is also contemplated. Competition by German and Austro-Hungarian sculptors is invited, but the cost is limited to 50,000 francs. The site chosen is in the garden of the Liszt museum.

A large audience of inmates and officials filled the pretty concert hall at the Toronto Asylum on Wednesday evening of last week, when a most enjoyable concert was given by the pupils of Mme. Stuttaford, under her direction. The programme was of a popular and varied character and was most creditably carried out.

The great solo pianist, Rosenthal, is announced to give a recital in the Massey Hall on March 16. Rosenthal has now the reputation of being the greatest master of technique living. Other pianists to appear during the season are Mme. Carreno and Burmeister.

Mr. Plunket Greene reappeared in a vocal recital on Monday night at Associa-

tion Hall before an exceptionally fashionable audience. Mr. Greene has so often been heard in Toronto and his methods are so popular and so familiar that extended comment is unnecessary. His voice begins to show the signs of the wear and tear of a long season, and he will be wise if he gives it a rest even at the cost of refusing engagements. Mrs. Greene's selections are always most interesting, the more so because he has a repertoire that includes many historic songs of varied origin which it is rare to hear in concert. He owes much of his success with the general public to that fact and to the descriptive style of his renderings. As an instance of his treatment one has only to refer to his attempt to suggest vividly the differentiation of the characters mentioned in the words of Schubert's Erl-King. He was assisted by Miss Beverly Robinson, who sang attractively several pretty songs, and by Mr. Melville Ellis, a talented pianist, who appeared in the double capacity of soloist and accompanist.

There is a probability that Lady Hallé may again be heard in Toronto before the season closes. It is certain that all lovers of high-class music will, if possible, give her a warm welcome on her return.

Arrangements have been made to bring Alfred A. Farland of New York to Guild Hall on the evening of March 14. "Just imagine Beethoven's Sonata, op. 30, with allegro assai, moderato and allegro vivace movements played upon the banjo and played to perfection—it was wonderful," says the *Jersey City Journal*.

Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson, violinist, will give a concert in Association Hall on March 21. Miss Adamson will be assisted by the following artists: Miss Carrie Lash, contralto; Miss Temple Dixon, dramatic reader; Mr. F. Welsman, pianist; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mrs. Blight, accompanist. Tickets can be had at all music stores. Plan open at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on March 17.

Invitations are out for a piano recital to be given by Miss Ada Hart in the Nordheimer Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 11, at 3.30. Miss Hart will be assisted by Miss Carrie Lash, contralto, and Miss Kate Archer, violinist.

A soiree musicale is announced for Monday evening by Trinity Methodist church Epworth League. The soloists will be: Miss Jennie E. Williams, pianist; Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, Miss Maud Snarr, Miss Bertha Rogers, and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, vocalists; Miss Winnifred Skead Smith, violinist; Mr. Herbert Lyne, flautist; Mr. W. J. McNally, pianist, and Mr. A. M. Buley, cellist.

Mr. F. X. Mercier, the well known tenor, formerly of Toronto, has been given a five years' engagement to sing at the Opera Comique in Paris, France. In the meantime he is studying under M. Bouby, who has the reputation of being one of the best teachers of singing in Paris. The date of Mr. Mercier's debut will soon be fixed by M. Carre, the director of the opera. Mr. Mercier's numerous friends in Toronto will be glad to hear of his success.

On Monday evening a service of praise will be held in the Central Presbyterian church, Grosvenor street. The choir, under the direction of Mr. V. P. Hurt, will sing several anthems and choruses by Gounod, Mendelssohn, and Woodward, and altogether a most interesting programme will be offered. Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, the talented soloist of Trinity Methodist church, and Dr. Norman Anderson, organist of St. James' square Presbyterian church, will give valuable assistance. Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Eva Snarr and Mr. Edward Faulds of the Central church choir will also sing some attractive sacred solos. CHERRING.

**INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN**  
1880  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC  
COLLEGE STREET.  
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director  
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities  
Students prepared as Teachers and Performers, also for positions in colleges, schools, churches and concert work.  
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME  
CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE  
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION  
H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal. Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Oratory, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Poling, Literature.  
EDWARD FISHER  
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music  
SPECIALIST in training  
PIANO STUDENTS for  
THE PROFESSION  
MR. RECHAB TANDY  
Tenor. Lessons in Voice Culture and Artistic Singing. Best Method. Highest Results. Oratorio and concert engagements accepted. Entire courses or partial programmes supplied. Address—The Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

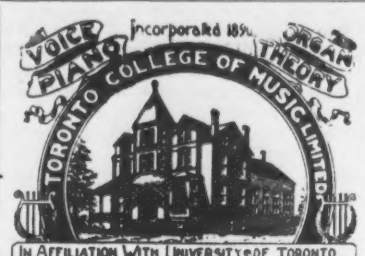
**J. D. A. TRIPP**  
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher  
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.  
Studio—2 College Street. Tel. 464.  
Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's College.

**VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING AND PIANO LESSONS**  
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS  
Schools attended.  
Residence—Roxton House, Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

**Fletcher Music Method**  
CLASSES FOR CHILDREN  
Room 17,  
9 College Street Miss Via Macmillan

**MISS JENNIE E. WILLIAMS**  
Solo Pianist and Accompanist  
Pupils accepted.  
For terms, etc., address—635 Spadina Ave.

**GEO. E. BRAME, Singing Master**  
Teacher of Piano and Theory  
Specialist in Italian songs.  
Studio—101 Jarvis Street, Toronto.



**PIANO** Largest Musical School and most eminent faculty in the Dominion. Every up-to-date facility for superior musical education. Special advantages offered to intending musical students. Students desiring to enter may obtain all information by addressing: F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director, 12 & 14 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

**FRANK S. WELSMAN**  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck and Richard Hofmann  
Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition  
Toronto College of Music or 266 Sherbourne St., also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill Hall.

**ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
205 BLOOR ST. EAST  
Students who wish to finish their musical studies under German masters in Germany can have instruction in this College in the German language in connection with their musical studies. Arrangements may be made to give pupils lessons at their homes without extra charge. Accommodation for a limited number of boarders at moderate rates. For Prospects apply to  
CHARLES FARRINGER,  
Tel. 3572. 205 Bloor Street East.

**HAMILTON Conservatory of Music**  
HAMILTON, Ontario  
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.  
Musical Director  
A thorough education in music provided in all its branches. Candidates for University examinations in music prepared by correspondence. Write for Prospects, giving full particulars as to fees, etc.

**ELOCUTION**  
The best book yet published on elocution, for pupils, teachers and colleges, England and America, with illustrations. Mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of price, \$1.25.  
Address—SARA LORD BAILEY,  
99 Concord Street, Lawrence, Mass., U.S.A.

**Mr. Schuch**  
71 Spadina Road  
On Monday evening a service of praise will be held in the Central Presbyterian church, Grosvenor street. The choir, under the direction of Mr. V. P. Hurt, will sing several anthems and choruses by Gounod, Mendelssohn, and Woodward, and altogether a most interesting programme will be offered. Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, the talented soloist of Trinity Methodist church, and Dr. Norman Anderson, organist of St. James' square Presbyterian church, will give valuable assistance. Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Eva Snarr and Mr. Edward Faulds of the Central church choir will also sing some attractive sacred solos. CHERRING.

**PIANO PLAYING**  
HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, ETC.  
For Professional and Advanced Pupils.  
**W. O. FORSYTH**  
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
Highest technical advancement and interpretation.  
Available studio days, 15 King Street East (Nordheimer's), Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Residence—112 College Street.

**THEODORE WIEHMAYER**  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Will accept a limited number of Canadian and American pupils.  
Ferdinand Road Strasse  
37 Parterre Links.

**MISS FLORENCE BROWN**  
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)  
Concert Organist and Accompanist  
Teacher of Piano and Pipe Organ.  
For terms, etc., address—130 Seaton St.

**MISS MARY HEWITT SMART**  
... SOPRANO ...  
Voice Culture and Piano  
Address St. Margaret's College, or Studio U, Yonge Street Arcade.

**J. W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School, 13 Dunbar Road. Horedale.

**MISS NORMA REYNOLDS**  
Has resumed instruction in VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING. Training soloists to fill church and teaching positions a specialty. Reception hours at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, 34, Mondays and Thursdays. Residence, 4 Pembroke St.

**MISS ADA E. S. HART**  
CONCERT PIANIST  
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetizky of Vienna (teacher of Paderewski)  
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or at Harbor Street.

**JOHN M. SHERLOCK**  
MASTER OF SINGING  
SOLO TENOR  
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

**MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON**  
... VIOLINIST ...  
Teacher at the Conservatory of Music. Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra. Residence—573 Church Street

**MRS. J. W. BRADLEY**  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

**GEORGE F. SMEDLEY**  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Family Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 96 Nassau Street. Telephone 1605

**A NEW SACRED SONG ... THE ... TEMPLE OF PEACE**  
With Piano, Organ and Violin Accompaniment (ad lib).  
BY ED. ST. QUENTIN  
PRICE 50 CENTS  
Published in keys to suit all voices.

**WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.**  
158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**MRS. P. J. BURKE**  
Pupil of Randecker, Lamperti and La Grange  
Is prepared to receive pupils for the STUDY OF THE VOICE—English, German, Italian and French repertoire. Coaching a specialty.  
Room 3, Oddfellow's Building  
Yonge and College Sts.

**MR. A. S. VOGT**  
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 64 Pembroke Street.

**MR. HARRY M. FIELD**  
OF Leipzig, Germany  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 25 Grand Street, or Prof. Martin Krause, 36 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

**MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER**  
... SOPRANO ...  
CONCERT AND ORATORIO  
Voice Culture Studio—423 Sherbourne Street  
Soprano soloist, Toronto  
Soprano soloist, Methodist Church

**TORONTO MALE QUARTETTE**  
MR. ARTHUR L. E. DAVIES, Musical Director, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**W. J. MCNALLY**  
Teacher of Piano and Organ  
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church. Studio—38 Sussex Ave. n.

**MRS. FRED W. LEE**  
Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, 591 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

**MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano**  
at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Director of Central Presbyterian Church, Musical Director of Demill Ladies' College, Catharines. Residence, 570 Jarvis St.

**MADAME STUTTAFOORD, VOICE**  
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablache), Voice Culture, Italian method; correct breathing. Terms moderate. 183 Church Street.

**MRS. ANNIE E. JURY**  
SOPRANO  
Voice production and artistic piano playing. Studio—58 Alexander Street.

**MR. A. B. JURY—Organist and**  
Choirmaster Bond Street Congregational Church. Voice production a specialty. Piano and organ. Studio, 58 Alexander Street.

**W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR**  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Nordheimer's.  
Church and Concert engagements a specialty.

**LLOYD N. WATKINS**  
303 Church Street.  
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.  
Cons V of Music, Ontario Ladies' Coll., Whitby

**DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
7 College St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

**MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.**  
Graduate University of Toronto, certified teacher VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 530 Church St., or Toronto College of Music.

**MISS CARTER**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
380 Brunswick Avenue.

**MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE**  
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 218 John St.

**HARRY M. BENNETT**  
Humorous Vocalist and Entertainer  
Open for concert engagements.  
50 Cecil Street, Toronto.

**H. M. FLETCHER**  
Choirmaster and Organist of Bloor St. Baptist Church. Voice Production. Artistic Singing. Studio—16 St. Mary St., Toronto.

**STAMMERING, ETC.**  
Consult Messrs. Church and Byrne, specialists. CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE INSTITUTE, 9 Pembroke Street.

**DRESSMAKING.**  
**MISS L. PLUMMER—MODISTE**  
4 College St. Tailor made and evening Dresses a specialty. Terms moderate. Ladies' own materials made up. Room 28.

**MISS M. A. ALMSTRONG**  
41 King Street West  
Has just received a choice assortment of PARISIAN and AMERICAN NOVELTIES  
Also the newest designs in  
**Hats and Bonnets**

**EDUCATIONAL.**  
**START RIGHT**  
"Well begun," runs the old adage, "is half done." Your business education is wholly begun if you are a pupil of this college. Whether the subject is bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, or business law we start the pupil right and keep him right the term throughout.  
British American Business College  
Y. M. C. A. Building  
Cor. Yonge and McGill Sts., Toronto  
DAVID HOSKINS Chartered Accountant, Principal.

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND**  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Third Fl., McKinnon Building, Toronto.  
(Phone 161)

**DENTISTRY.**  
**REMOVAL NOTICE**  
We desire to announce that we will, about 1st April next, remove to 16 COLLEGE.  
**N. PEARSON**  
**DR. C. E. PEARSON** Dentists  
136 Yonge Street



# ...DENTISTRY...

Parents, consider the health and comfort of your little ones, and call and get advice as to the care of their teeth. You will find it of far greater value than flooding their systems with medicine.

**Dr. W. Frank Glasgow**  
S. E. cor. Spadina & College  
Phone 8140

**GUILD HALL**  
Thursday, March 16  
A GRAND  
Concert and Lecture



Scientific Palmistry  
will be given by Prof.  
O'Brien and Madame  
Bonini O'Brien, late  
Prima Donna Soprano from Milan, assisted by  
other well known artists. Reserved seats 25c.,  
admission 15c. Concert to commence at 8 p.m.

**27th Annual Exhibition**  
OF THE  
**Ontario Society of Artists**  
**NOW OPEN**  
Art Galleries, 165 King St. West  
Open from 10 to 5. Admission 25c.

**SEVEN MONTHS OF SUCCESS**  
**PRINCESS**  
THEATER  
99th WEEK—Matinees Every Day  
**COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 13**  
**The Cummings**  
**Stock Company**

Will present A. C. Gunter's Famous Drama in  
Prologue and Three Acts

**Mr. Barnes of New York**

With an extra strong cast, including Miss  
Maud Edna Hall (first time in Toronto),  
and Mr. Maurice Freeman, and  
Elaborate Stage Settings.

Act. I.—The Duel on the Beach.  
Act. II.—The Angel of the Egyptian Hospital.  
Act. III.—A Corsican Wedding. The Home of  
the Vendetta.

PRICES NEVER CHANGE

## Social and Personal.

Capt. Gilpin Brown returned to Regina  
on Thursday. Mrs. Perceval Ridout and  
her little ones leave for England in a few  
weeks.

Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin, the charm-  
ingly pretty hostess of 341 Jarvis street,  
gave a reception on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Hara, who have  
recently returned from a trip to the Pacific  
Coast, have taken up their residence at  
60 Admiral Road. Mrs. O'Hara will re-  
ceive next Friday and the following first  
and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox and Miss  
Bogart left on Wednesday for Lakewood,  
New Jersey.

Mrs. Montgomery of Huron street is  
recovering from an illness of some weeks.

Mrs. Bunting of St. Patrick street is  
visiting her daughter in Montreal.

Mr. E. Morris, the inspector of the  
Ontario Bank, has been laid up with *la*  
*grippe*.

The engagement of Miss Ada Orme,  
daughter of Mr. E. V. G. Orme of Bays-  
water Lodge, Brampton, to Mr. H. Blair  
of Hollywood, County Down, Ireland, is  
announced.

Lord William Seymour was a flying  
visitor in town last Saturday and was en-  
tertained by Colonel George T. Denison at  
luncheon at Heydon Villa, when General  
Hutton was also a guest. In the after-  
noon Lord William Seymour took tea at  
Stanley Barracks, when the officers and a  
small coterie of ladies were his hosts.  
General Hutton and Captain Bell, A.D.C.,  
were also at the Barracks as guests of  
Colonel Otter and the officers.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson is still away  
and is gaining strength daily. Mrs. and  
Miss Melvin Jones left yesterday for  
Old Point Comfort, where quite a number  
of Torontonians are at present stopping,  
including Mr. and Miss McGaw.

The millinery openings of the week have  
distracted the minds of the feminine com-  
munity. Foremost in attraction and *chic*  
have been Catto's lovely hats, which have  
been eagerly snapped up by the most fas-  
tidious ladies. The styles are exceedingly  
pretty and new. A broad-brimmed Tre-  
lawney of the Wells hat with a fall of lace  
and rose-wreath, a smart Ferris Wheel  
which I saw a Pembroke street beauty  
bearing away, a pretty Viola Allen hat,  
recalling Glory Quayle in her smart London  
attire in the play of The Christian, and a  
lovely, sparkling sequin hat, black, with  
aligrette and clasp, were some of them.  
The popular Cyrano, a deep rose, was  
shown.

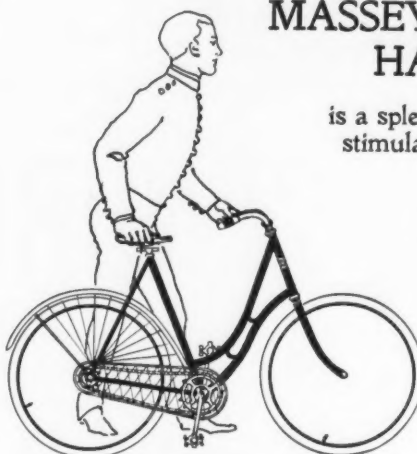


NOW

for a hearty  
breakfast!

The  
**MASSEY-  
HARRIS**

is a splendid  
stimulant.



**MASSEY-HARRIS CO.**  
LIMITED

Salesrooms:

Cor. Adelaide & Yonge Sts.  
1388 Queen St. West

**TORONTO OPERA HOUSE**  
MATINEE—TUESDAY—  
THURSDAY—SATURDAY



WEEK OPENING MONDAY 13

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST WOMAN

**FANNY  
RICE**

IN THE BEST OPERATIC COMEDY  
OF THE AGE

**"AT THE FRENCH BALL"**

NOTHING SUGGESTIVE BUT THE  
TITLE

FIRST APPEARANCE IN CANADA  
AND FIRST TIME ANYWHERE AT  
"POPULAR PRICES."

Next Week - - Bert Coote

**MOTHERS of Boys are**  
delighted with the hand-  
some styles and moderate  
prices of the new suits for  
spring at

**OAK HALL Clothiers**  
115 King Street East, Toronto

## Food at Second Hand!



**BEEF**-eaters must take  
their food at second  
hand, plus the liability  
of taking with their beef  
whatever disease or dis-  
order the animal may have.  
Furthermore, cattle are  
slaughtered when under in-  
tense excitement; when all  
that is desperate and vicious  
in them is thoroughly  
aroused. Scientists tell us

that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If  
this is so may it not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause?

IT IS NOT SO WITH

**Shredded Wheat Biscuit.**

In these you get food at first hand, direct from Mother Earth, and its effect upon  
the human is to produce a kind and gentle nature and encourage moral and spiritual  
development. They rebuild rapidly the tissues consumed in the wear and tear of work,  
and they supply in the proper proportions nourishment for every part of the human  
system, for by careful analysis wheat is found to contain all the food properties  
that there are, and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds  
of food in existence. Try Shredded Wheat Biscuit for a month and see how four-  
headed, at ease and self-reliant you will become; all because you are properly nourished.

Any grocer can supply you. Over 200 receipts sent Free.

**SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.**

C  
H  
A  
I  
N  
L  
E  
S  
S

Welland Vale Wheel?  
ARE ALL RIGHT



C  
H  
A  
I  
N  
L  
E  
S  
S

'99==Welland Vale Chainless Year=='99

**CHAINLESS  
PERFECT**

The demand for the Chainless Wheel  
is far beyond our expectations for this  
stage of the season. The enquiries  
about it are coming from all parts of  
the Dominion.

**GARDEN CITY  
DOMINION**

**Welland Vale Mfg. Co Limited**

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

**Toronto Store, 149 Yonge Street**

## Friendship Hearts....

in Sterling Silver, plain  
polished, embossed, set  
with stones, enameled  
and with inscriptions,  
from 25c. up.

**SCHEUER'S**  
JEWELLERS  
90 YONGE ST.

**VISITING CARDS**  
DONALD HAIN & CO.  
STATIONERS  
95 Jordan Street - Toronto

## Trusts and Guarantee

Capital - \$2,000,000

Offices and Safe Deposit Vaults:  
**TRUSTS & GUARANTEE BUILDING**  
14 King Street West, Toronto  
PRESIDENT—J. R. STRATTON, M.P.P.  
VICE-PRESIDENTS—(D. W. KARN, Esq.,  
The Company is chartered to act as Execu-  
tor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, As-  
signee, Committee of Lunatic, Receiver and  
General Fiduciary Agent for investments of  
money, management of estates, issuing and  
counter-signing bonds, etc.  
Trust Accounts kept separate from assets of  
company.  
Safe deposit boxes of all sizes to rent at  
reasonable rates. Will appointing the com-  
pany executor received for safe keeping with-  
out charge.  
Solicitors sending business to the company  
are retained in the professional care thereof.  
Correspondence invited.  
T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

## This is Our Busy Week

Moving to 168, 170, 172  
and 174 King St. West,  
opp. Princess Theater.

**The Rolston Laundry**  
'Phone 1381  
Business going on as usual.

## Our Easter Novelties

will include all the newest ideas in  
choice, toothsome confections.  
It will pay you to see them and  
order early.  
Why not please some ailing friend  
with a glass of our *tailor's* Foot  
Jelly? It not only tempts the  
taste, but nourishes.

**Coles'**

Caterer and Confectioner  
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

## When next You are Entertaining

You will save the ladies of your  
household time, trouble and an-  
noyance and yourself money by  
phoning 247 and allowing us to  
take charge of all the details of  
the collation.  
Our specialties are promptness  
in the execution of orders and  
quality in the viands we serve.

**ALBERT WILLIAMS**  
Coleman's Restaurant  
113 King Street West

## Confederation Life Assembly Hall

COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR

At Homes, Banquets  
Assemblies, Lectures  
Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the  
above Hall is of the highest order, heated by  
steam and lighted by Electricity, ventilated by  
Electric Fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen  
with range. Also retiring and dressing-rooms  
on the same floor.

For full particulars apply to  
A. M. CAMPBELL,  
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

**The Wabash Railroad**  
With its superb and magnificent train ser-  
vice, is now acknowledged to be the most  
perfect railway system in America. The  
great winter tourist route to the south  
and west, including the famous Hot  
Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt  
of the New World; Texas and California,  
the land of sunshine and flowers. Passen-  
gers going by the Wabash reach their des-  
tination in advance of other routes.  
Wabash trains reach more large cities  
than any other railroad in the world. De-  
tailed information will be cheerfully fur-  
nished by any railroad agent, or J. A.  
Richardson, District Passenger Agent,  
north-east corner King and Yonge streets,  
Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.



## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Willie Eastwood of The Homestead, Winchester street, entertained about fifty ladies at euchre on Friday afternoon of last week. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and flowers, while the sweet young daughters of the hostess flitted through the rooms assisting their mother in entertaining her guests. The prizes were carried off by Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Mrs. Britton. Some of those present were: Mrs. Fred Gooch, Mrs. (Dr.) Britton, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. E. A. Kemp, Mrs. Charlie Lugsdin, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Snelgrove, Mrs. A. Meredith, Mrs. W. G. Brown, Miss Ellis, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. F. Anderson, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Fred Sparling, Miss Sherman, Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Two lectures are on hand for the week of March 19. On Thursday evening at Association Hall, Mr. H. E. Krebbel discourses on How to Listen to Music, commencing his remarks and instructions at 8.15. While to lovers of music Mr. Krebbel's lecture will be of much interest, unappreciative folks who talk at concerts may be struck with the idea that music is made to be listened to, and govern themselves accordingly, which would be a blessing. This lecture is under the patronage of: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, Mrs. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison.

A large number of the "Old Boys" of Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, met at the Rossin House on Tuesday evening last, to discuss the proposed reorganization of the Old Boys' Association. Rev. H. C. Griffith acted as secretary. Among those present were: Messrs. W. R. Wadsworth, W. E. Caldecott, H. F. Darrell, H. Gerald Wade, George Gooderham, W. H. Cronyn, Harry Darrell, A. Courtney Kingstone, F. Perry, C. Hooper, G. Bunting and Boyd. A motion to re-form the Association was carried and the election of officers was then taken up. This resulted as follows: Honorary president, Rev. H. J. Cody, M.A.; president, A. C. Kingstone; vice-president, Dr. E. M. Hooper; secretary, H. C. Griffith; treasurer, W. R. Wadsworth; Toronto representatives on executive committee, W. E. H. Carter, W. H. Cronyn, W. E. Caldecott, and H. F. Darrell. The question of an annual entertainment was brought up, and Mr. Cody expressed the opinion that it should take the form of a dinner. It was suggested that a dinner be held in St. Catharines at the time of the "old boys" cricket match in June, but some were in favor of holding it in Toronto during Easter week. The executive committee will deal with the matter and will report to a meeting of the Association which is to be held shortly for the purpose of ratifying the constitution.

Dr. Andrew Gordon is in his new house, just finished, on the corner of Huron and Bloor streets. Mrs. Gordon will receive next month on Fridays.

The engagement of Mr. John Bain of the Imperial Bank, stationed at Woodstock, and Miss Nellie, one of the belles of that pleasant town, is announced.

A Schumann morning occupied the Monday Musical Club this week, and was much enjoyed by the large number present.

Miss Lena Drechsler-Adamson gives a benefit concert in Association Hall on the evening of March 21 and will be assisted by Miss Carrie Lash, Miss Temple Dixon, Mrs. Blight, Mr. F. Welsman and Mr. Paul Hahn. The clever young violinist has many friends and will surely be successful in her venture on the twenty-first.

A bright and cordial hostess, with able assistants, scores of jolly women, a dream of a refreshment table all violets and daffodils, and the most coaxing and merry waitresses, were what made Mrs. W. Britton's tea a success on Thursday afternoon of last week. With the hostess, who obeyed the highest refinement by gowning herself in a quiet and unobtrusive little costume of cream blouse and black silk skirt, were Mrs. Ball, looking a very radiant invalid, yet obliged to support herself with a cane, Mrs. George Gowlock and Mrs. Joseph Irving, nee Hatch. The Misses Riggs, Miss Green, Miss Reid, Miss Stoby of St. Louis, Miss Eckhart, Miss Hamilton, Miss Hatch of Whitby, Miss Bull and little Miss Irene Britton were the young ladies who poured tea and coffee, served claret-cup and ices and many other good things provided by Caterer Coles. The color scheme of primrose and violet was carried out with ices, bon-bons and various delicious iced cakes. Many lovely flowers were used in decorating the house. Meteor roses and amilax banked the mantel in the salon, and carnations were the chosen flower in the popular room where the "cup" was served. After the crowds of ladies had said good-night the young ladies remained, and with a jolly party of cavaliers and others wound up with a delightful dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Eckhart and Mrs. and Miss Mara have gone south. Mr. Douglass Macdougall of Carlton Lodge has gone to New York to a good position. Mrs. and Miss Irene Somerville of Atholstan left on Monday for the South. They will visit Atlantic City.

On Wednesday evening two dinner parties of importance were given. Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Walker were host and hostess to a party of fourteen guests, including Mrs. Hardy, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Colonel and Mrs. Merritt, Colonel and Mrs. George T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne and Mr. Frank Darling. The table was done with pink roses and looked beautiful and artistic. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews gave a

## The Heintzman &amp; Co. Transposing Piano...

This is no experiment. It has proven all that is claimed for it and stood the test of cleverest musical experts. A feature of this piano is that it transposes any music into any key by a simple lever movement in a second.

"I wish to congratulate you on the success of your transposing piano. It is one of the greatest inventions of the age." —RAPHAEL GONZALEZ.

"Your transposing piano is especially valuable and adapted to vocalists. I cannot recommend it too highly for both voice and instrumental accompaniments." —MARIE B. KLEINOWITZ.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

117 King Street West, Toronto

## YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF A HERCULES WIRE BED SPRING

Does not give you entire satisfaction. Hercules Beds are guaranteed and recommended by all high-class dealers. Manufactured by

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Limited  
TORONTO AND MONTREAL  
W. J. McMURTRY, Pres. and Gen. Manager

large dinner on the same evening and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mrs. G. Allen Arthur, Miss Rowand, Mr. Wilkie.

Mrs. Harry Patterson entertained the Whist Club at the residence of her father, Mr. Ince, on Tuesday evening. Eight tables were arranged for the game, and some young people were entertained upstairs by the sons of the house as well. Mrs. Cattanch, an ardent lover of the game, won the ladies' prize, a silver-mounted scent-bottle, and Mr. John Kay was the fortunate man to gain the gentlemen's prize, a handsome pair of sleeve-links. Mrs. Patterson looked very well in a rich black satin gown with transparent sleeves embroidered in white. Supper was beautifully served in the dining-room.

Miss Jones of Brooklyn, who has been on a visit to Miss Maud Hirschfelder, returns home next week. Miss Sidney of St. Louis, the guest of Miss Mae Reid, has returned home. Miss Sherar of Detroit is again visiting in town and is welcomed with pleasure.

Quite a large party are going to Ottawa for the opening of Parliament on Thursday.

Mr. Lucius O'Brien has been suffering from rheumatism and has been some weeks confined to his room. He and his sweet wife were missed very much at the Ontario Society of Artists' reception last week.

Mrs. Palmer of College street is better, and was out for a short drive on Tuesday. Mayor and Mrs. Marks are in town, and are welcomed by hosts of friends who knew and esteemed Mrs. Marks as Miss Rowand, niece of Mrs. Julius Miles.

Mrs. Winnett gave a very large euchre party to her daughter's young friends on Friday evening, when some four score young folks enjoyed the game and a dainty supper, and impromptu dance to the music of D'Alessandro and his Italians afterwards. Miss Drynan and Mr. Percy Vivian were the prize winners.

The Loan Portrait Exhibition grows in importance daily. The various committees—collection, advertisement, entertainment and patronage—are all formed and at work. Hints of Japanese teas, old English teas, military teas, and French and German teas are floating in the air. Mrs. Nordheimer has loaned an interesting picture of Sir Colin Campbell. Every one is coming over silhouettes, daguerreotypes and quaint miniatures for the enrichment of the exhibit. Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Matthews are to chaperone *la soiree francaise*. Mrs. Arthur is up to her eyes in work; as usual, she is doing three times as much as anyone. Mrs.

## "For a pure skin"

It is the lack of discrimination in the choice, not the use, of cosmetics which is to be condemned. People who use Koladermic Skin Food discriminate in its favor always, because they know by experience that it nourishes and softens the skin—"velvety"; removes discolorations and skin impurities, cleansing the pores—"clearness"; and they know, too, the delightful, soothing, and refreshing effects it has on an irritated or inflamed complexion. The article *par excellence* for my lady's toilet. Write to us, mentioning "Saturday Night," for further information. We would like to send you particulars of the skin-tonic properties of Koladermic—for your complexion's sake. For sale at druggists, 25 cents.

## The Koladermic Skin Food Co.

Stouffville, Ontario, Canada



## ONE OF THE FEATURES in our make of Ladies' Traveling Bags is the EXTREME LIGHTNESS



The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 King Street West, Toronto

Makers of... Purses and Pocket Books, Leather Novelties, Leather Belts, and Fine Traveling and Leather Goods



## NOTICE

The Patent Act, Section 37, re David's Parki, Fackler's Improvements in Receipts, Canadian Patent No. 52,121, dated April 27, 1896. The undersigned are prepared to give particulars, sell copies, arrange licenses or otherwise afford all facilities for the manufacture of said patented invention.

## ...NOTICE...

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 15 next, at the offices of the Company, 25-29 Adelaide Street West, when a statement of the affairs of the Company will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year. By order.

## ROYAL OIL &amp;

Manufacturers and Importers of  
HIGH GRADE OILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
Also CANDLES, WAX, ETC.  
GEO. ANDERSON, Manager.  
1, 3 and 5 Sherbourne Street.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## Settlers' One-Way Excursions

To Manitoba and Canadian North-West will leave Toronto every TUESDAY during March and April. Passengers traveling WITHOUT LIVE STOCK should take train leaving Toronto at 3.15 p.m. Passengers traveling WITH LIVE STOCK should take train leaving Toronto at 9 p.m. Colonist Sleepers will be attached to each train. For full particulars and copy of "Settlers' Guide" apply to any Can. Pac. agent, or to

C. E. McPHERSON  
Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
1 King St. East, Toronto

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## SETTLERS' SPECIAL TRAINS

Carrying Live Stock and Household Effects WITH FREE COLONIST SLEEPING CARS attached, WILL LEAVE TORONTO FOR MANITOBA AND CANADIAN NORTH-WEST POINTS Every TUESDAY at 9 p.m. during March and April. The object in running these Special Trains is to give Settlers an opportunity to travel with their stock and still have good accommodation and quick time. Intending passengers are therefore particularly requested to advise their railway agent early date fixed for leaving, so that suitable accommodation can be secured. Tickets and information from Agents Grand Trunk Railway System. M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

## J. YOUNG (ALEX. MILLARD) The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer 359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 675

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
CALVERT—Saturday, March 4, at Glen Villa, Glen Avenue, Deer Park, wife of Charles E. Calvert—a daughter.  
McLEAN—March 2, Mrs. Hector McLean—a daughter.  
RICHARDS—Feb. 25, Mrs. A. J. H. Richards—a son.  
CLARK—Feb. 21, Mrs. Clark—a son.  
WHYTE—March 2, Mrs. J. Smart Whyte—a son.  
ARGLES—March 4, Mrs. R. F. Argles—a daughter.  
KERR—Cayuga, March 3, Mrs. (Dr.) Wm. Kerr—a son.  
YOUNG—Port Colborne, March 6, Mrs. R. Chas. Young (of Montreal)—a daughter.  
ALDRIDGE—March 6, Mrs. Chas. E. Aldridge—a son.  
REID—March 3, Mrs. W. H. Reid—a daughter.  
FURLONG—March 4, Mrs. John Furlong—a son.

**Marriages.**  
ANDREWS—SOPER—At St. Thomas church, March 4, 1899, by Rev. F. H. Hartley, Alfred E. Andrews, formerly of London, England, to Mary E. (Soper) Soper, only daughter of William W. Soper, traveler for Elliot & Co., Toronto. No cards.  
BLAZE—MARSHALL—Rosedale, B.C., Feb. 21, Henry Blaine to Janet M. Marshall.  
HART—HOAG—Montreal, March 4, Charles Alfred Hart, formerly of St. Louis, to Eleanor Kate Hoag of Toronto.

**Deaths.**  
HARRIS—At St. Louis, Mo., on March 4, James Harris, formerly of Toronto, aged 62.  
THOMPSON—Orillia, March 4, Mrs. William Thompson, aged 32.  
ROMAN—March 4, Matilda Roman, aged 77.  
SAWDON—March 2, Kezia Sawdon, aged 72.  
WRIGHT—March 7, Henry H. Wright, M.D., aged 62.  
WATSON—March 8, Mrs. Isabella Mary Watson, aged 63.  
WILLARD—March 7, Paul Willard, aged 25.  
SIMPSON—March 7, Capt. Melancthon Simpson.  
BULL—March 6, Mrs. Margaret Sophia Bull.  
HARPER—March 5, Albert E. Harper.  
BARNES—March 6, Mrs. Mary Barnes, aged 80.  
THOMPSON—March 7, Mrs. Annie Thompson, aged 76.  
WELLS—March 6, James Wells, aged 73.  
WRIGHT—March 8, Edward Wright, aged 74.  
HENDERSON—Denver, Col., Feb. 25, Adam Henderson, aged 41, formerly of Toronto.

## THE PROVINCIAL TRUST COMPANY

TRUSTS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ACCEPTED AND EXECUTED, ACTS AS ADMINISTRATOR, EXECUTOR, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE AND LIQUIDATOR.

LOANS  
MONEY IN ANY AMOUNT UPON REAL ESTATE OR APPROVED COLLATERALS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.  
MR. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT President  
S. F. McLENNON Vice-President  
JAMES MOFFAT President  
A. W. McDOUGALL Manager

TRUST & SAFETY DEPOSIT DEPARTMENTS

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most imposing mien. "I once sat upon the judge's bench in Iowa. "Where was the judge?" quickly required the opposing attorney, and the pompous gentleman found the thread of his argument hopelessly entangled.—Detroit Free Press